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RESEARCHES IN SPIRITUALISM.

By M. A. (OXON).

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY—CHAPTER IV.—(*Continued.*)

M. BUGUET.

THE remarkable results obtained by the Comte de Bullet led me to speculate whether it might not be possible to obtain similar success with another sitter. The action of the incarnated spirit beyond the limits of the body which it occupies is a familiar fact to me. I have known many such cases, and have from early years been used "to leave the body"—*i.e.*, to find my spirit acting independently of the physical body through which it usually manifests. Long before I became practically acquainted with the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism, I knew of recorded cases of the exercise of this power, and was dimly conscious of its existence in myself. It seemed then that a plan might be arranged to obtain on the sensitised plate a permanent record of the presence of an embodied spirit, apart from its physical body, in the case of one who is familiar with the trans-corporeal action of spirit. Such an arrangement was actually made by my friend Mr. Gledstanes of Paris. He agreed to present himself at M. Buguet's studio at 11 a.m. on Sunday, January 31st last, and to pose as soon after his arrival as possible. As a matter of fact, he did pose at 11.15 a.m. Paris time, or 11.5 London time.

On the first half of the plate first exposed appeared a faint and indistinct image of my face. The features were barely discernible, but Mr. Gledstanes has no doubt that they are mine. A second exposure at 11.25 (Paris) or—there being a difference of 10 minutes in time between the two places—11.15 (London) produced a perfect result. The first half of the plate contains a decided likeness of me; the second half one of an old man with

a very striking head and commanding figure. The portrait of me is quite unmistakable: none who has seen me in the flesh could fail to recognise it. The eyes are closed, and the face bears the indefinable look of trance which is known to all who have been much with trance mediums. The body is shrouded in the same sort of fluidic drapery which I have before described; but, whereas most of the spirit-forms come, as I have said, behind the sitter, and seem, as it were, to draw their sustaining influence from him in some degree at least, here is not so. The figure is at some distance from Mr. Gledstanes, and looks as though it was supported by unseen power, independent alike of itself and him. The form gives the idea of being smaller than I am naturally, and the features are those of an entranced person: in all other respects it is a perfect likeness of myself. The expression and difference in size and general appearance are valuable as additional tests, if any are needed, of the genuineness of this extraordinary picture. The only person present in M. Buguet's studio, beside himself, were Mr. Gledstanes the sitter, and the Comte de Bullet. The Count, I may here say in passing, after my experiment was concluded, was successful in again obtaining a picture of his sister who lives in Baltimore.

I turn now to my own part in the experiment. At the time when the photographs were taken I was lying in bed in London in a state of deep trance. I had a half-consciousness of awaking at 10.25 A.M. I looked at my watch, and almost immediately fell into a state of dreamy listlessness between sleep and waking. The sound of the church bells fell upon my ear, and I had a sort of flash of recollection of the experiment proposed for eleven o'clock. Complete unconsciousness supervened before that hour, probably very near to it, for I remember the sound of the bells as I lost consciousness. The clock, therefore, had not struck. The *Daily News* lately devoted some columns of space, which might have been better used, to describing how certain people are used to dream that they are being levitated. I could, had it been worth while, have supplied the Editor with an account of another sensation which precedes deep sleep with me. It is a very old experience of mine to see multitudes of birds sailing past my eyes, on and on in vast flocks, passing away into space, just as deep sleep is coming upon me. I have also had the same sensation at a séance before being entranced. This feeling was present on this occasion, and is the last of which I was conscious. When I regained consciousness my watch by my bedside marked 11.47 A.M. I had therefore lost about 47 or 50 minutes. About this interval I have no recollection whatever. It is an absolute blank, as is all the time during which I am completely entranced. Long addresses are given through me,

abstruse questions answered, various phenomena present themselves, and I am as ignorant as though I were not present. I have no recollection whatever of anything that occurs or is said, and am compelled to depend entirely on the records taken by some of those present.

So it was on this occasion. I am informed that it was necessary to keep the spirit in a state of perfect passivity to avoid risk; and accordingly my memory is a perfect blank as to that three-quarters of an hour. Indeed, during the whole day I was more or less under trance influence. I went about 3.30 P.M. to dine with my friends Dr. and Mrs. Speer, and they noticed at once the peculiar expression of feature which they know to indicate partial trance influence over me. I did not fully recover from it until I had another night's rest. On Monday morning, about six o'clock, I woke up from a natural sleep fresh and invigorated. No sooner had I begun to dress than I heard the Voice speaking to me. (It is necessary to explain that I have for some time past received communications by means of an external voice, which is not objective, inasmuch as it is not audible to others, but which seems to be borne to my ear from a distance, as though on a soft breeze. I not unfrequently feel a gentle movement of the air as I hear the low but perfectly distinct tones of the voice. It is always clear, and sounds as though from a distance, borne on a soft breeze, and perceptible by spiritual faculties. This is as near a description as I can give; and many who have had similar sensations will recognise my description.) On this particular morning the voice was louder than usual, and other voices were there too. I do not remember noticing excitement in the tone before, but now the ring of the voice was louder, and showed perceptible excitement. Bit by bit the information was conveyed to me that my spirit friends had planned and executed the matter successfully. Details were given, and I requested that they might be given in writing, so that my memory might not play any tricks. From my book in which the messages were automatically written through my hand, I extract the information with exact accuracy.

The date was Monday, Feb. 1; the place, my own rooms; the time, 7.10 A.M. The communication, written through my hand by a spirit who usually communicates in that way, was to this effect, and it is corroborated entirely by a letter from Mr. Gledstanes, dated from Paris, which I received at 4.30 P.M. on this same day, or more than nine hours after the information was conveyed to me.

Two exposures had been made, I was informed, but only the second was important. On the first half of the plate was a good picture of me as I appeared personally—not of a representation

of me made by the spirits—and on the other half the picture of the spirit who had arranged and carried out the operation. His name has long been familiar to me as that of one who has given me many messages for more than two years past. He has long passed from this sphere to a higher life, and during his existence on earth was a sage who knew much of spiritual things which we are now only beginning to learn. The communication further goes on to insist on the actual presence of my spirit. It was actually taken not only to the studio of M. Buguet, but afterwards, by way of corroborative testimony to its partial severance from the body, to the house where our circle usually meets. No one was there who could be spiritually impressed with my presence. Accordingly another attempt was made to impress a feeling of my nearness on a friend who frequently attends our séances. He was in his rooms near Regent Street at 11.23 A.M., when he became powerfully impressed with the conviction that I was near, or was about to enter the room. He looked round more than once, expecting to see me, and the impression was so strong that he noted the exact time, and conveyed his impression to me the same evening, remarking that it struck him as curious, considering that his mind was occupied with other subjects. Several other particulars respecting the charge of the body, the magnetic union between it and the spirit, and the danger and difficulty of the operation, were written, but they are not to the point now. They and others like them will find a place in the after discussion of the action of spirit. I enquired why they did not tell me before of the success, and it was replied that a special séance was to be held on the Sunday evening, at which a spirit who had not previously controlled, was to speak, and that it was necessary to keep me in a state of passivity until that was accomplished. As it was, my spirit post anticipated her Majesty's mail by nine hours.

I have recorded with literal exactness the facts connected with this remarkable phenomenon. All comes to this. Here is a photograph of the spirit of a living person taken in Paris while the body in which it is incarnated is in London. I may be excused if I estimate highly the value of this experiment. Those things which intimately concern ourselves, facts which we have personally observed, and occurrences in which we have been actors, impress themselves most vividly upon us. But, though I may lay personal stress on a matter, the evidence with regard to which, so far as it is concerned with this world, is perfect, and which, so far as it concerns the invisible operators, is assured to me by the statements of those whom I have never found tripping in a statement yet, I cannot doubt for a moment that those who accept the record as true, will hold the fact to be of great

importance. That *it is a fact* I am as certain as I am of anything. That it opens out a wide field for speculation as to the action of spirit is no less clear. I am relieved in this case from guessing whether thought is substance, and so may leave its impress on the sensitive plate: or whether certain unscrupulous invisibles played a trick by manufacturing a "counterfeit presentment" of me to amuse and astonish Mr. Gledstones. The spirit was there, and with a temporary aggregation of some substance round it, was depicted on the sensitised plate. So then, the stories of appearances at or before the moment of departure of a spirit to those with whom it is intimately associated, are not so wild as men have thought. They may be referred to some more substantial basis than the fevered fancy of a sorrowing friend. Such cases are recorded by the score; and this experiment may throw a flood of light upon their history. So again, the wanderings of spirit beyond the body are not mere dreams. When the spirit is that of a sensitive, memory has frequently recorded the doings of the partly-severed spirit. But here is hope of something more tangible than recollection. I remember well a certain case in which the absence of spirit from body was demonstrated by the recollection of previously unknown facts. It was in this wise. An old friend in a distant part of England had passed away, and I had been asked to go to the funeral. I could not conveniently do so, but remained at home on the day. I occupied myself with writing, and was busily engaged upon it when, as I suppose, I was entranced. At any rate, I lost more than two hours and a-half. As I gradually gathered my wits about me, I looked at my watch and found that it was nearly 3 p.m. My last recollections are shortly after 12 noon. Gradually memory awoke, and I recalled the scene at the funeral. It was very vividly present before me: and if it had been night I should have thought I had dreamed of the scene which was in my mind. But I do not usually go to sleep at noon, nor with a pen in my hand, and I gradually arrived at the conviction that I had either been present in spirit at the scene, or had seen it by some process of clairvoyance with which I was not acquainted. I therefore wrote down my recollections accurately. They were very precise. I remembered the position of the grave under an overhanging tree; the face of the officiating minister, whom I did not know, and who was not the man who, as I thought, was to officiate; the mourners, among whom were some that I did not expect, and from whom I missed some faces that I had expected to see: the time at which the ceremony was performed, which was later than it ought to have been:—all these points and others too were vividly present to me. I wrote a letter at once to a friend who was at

the funeral, and received by return an answer stating that my description was in every detail correct, and wondering with exceeding wonder how I had got my information. The grave was under a weeping willow in a churchyard which I had never seen. The clergyman of the parish was ill, and a stranger supplied his place. Two old friends failed at the last moment, and other friends supplied their place; this delayed the ceremony an hour and a half. All was exact, and either I was there in spirit—which was the case, as I have since been told—or I saw the scene clairvoyantly. Beyond spirit communications I cannot *prove* which was the true explanation. But I can narrow the issue in this later case. Clairvoyance will not throw an image on the sensitised plate: and there is the proof of the presence of spirit and its trans-corporeal action.

I shall have reason to recur to this again. For the present I reiterate my estimate of the vast importance of the experiment.

Probably it will be considered that the evidence which I have now recorded is as strong as any such case can be. Those who are not convinced by it of the fact that credible persons assert that they have received portraits of their deceased relatives at M. Buguet's, those relatives being unknown to him, will not be convinced by any cumulation of evidence. It is not, therefore, with any other intent than to record facts kindly placed at my disposal that I append the following cases of recognition:—

Madame Smith, 11 Rue d'Albe, Paris, testifies thus:—

"I certify to having obtained from M. Buguet, on a photograph, the spirit of an aunt of my husband's, who died in 1872, in Ireland, and who was completely unknown in France.

(Signed) "M. SMITH."

Madame Congnard writes thus:—

"Paris, Jan. 14, 1875.

"I discharge a duty and do myself a pleasure in certifying that I have twice obtained at M. Buguet's the photograph of my husband, who died more than five years ago. I recognise him perfectly. On the second occasion he comes as he was when dead, i.e., with his beard, which he had allowed to grow during his illness. Ordinarily, he wore only whiskers and moustache.

(Signed) "G. CONGNARD."

M. Ristori sends a strange photograph, which is apparently a picture of something exposed by the spirits to attract attention. It is another of those cases which go to prove that many pictures are representations of models or pictures made of spirit substance—models which may assume any shape at the will of the invisible operator. In this case a decapitated head is a prominent object, and the likeness is that of a grandfather of M. Ristori's, who was guillotined in '93. M. Ristori further says that he has in his possession an oil painting of his grandfather, which shows a head and face resembling the likeness in the

photograph. At any rate his grandfather was guillotined, and some invisible has taken a very plain way of reminding him of the fact. Here is his attestation:—

"I certify that M. Buguet has been able to give me an exact reproduction of the figure of my grandfather, who was guillotined in '93, as well as that of my sister, whose portraits I have at home."

M. Duparc is good enough to send me two excellent photographs, with an attestation, which I translate exactly:—

"26 Rue Bruxelles, Paris.

"I have pleasure in testifying in writing that I have obtained at M. Buguet's the spirit portraits of my father, who has been dead 27 years, and of one of my sisters, who has been dead 40 years. I think well to note that my father, good man that he was, was an Atheist of the most pronounced type; while my sister, a *Religieuse du Sacré Cœur*, at Bordeaux, died in the odour of sanctity. From this contrast it seems to result that note is taken not so much of our past faith as of our moral worth, whatever may have been our sublunary beliefs or illusions.

(Signed)

"DUPARC."

M. Cabourg sends me through Mr. Gledstanes a series of six cartes which he obtained at M. Buguet's. Each photograph contains the image of a spirit recognised by M. Cabourg and his circle. The account I summarise from the full description with which he has obligingly furnished me. The sitters in each case are three—M. and Me. Cabourg and their daughter.

No. 1 shows a portrait of a cousin who died in August last at Calais. For 18 months M. Cabourg was intending to visit him. When he heard of his sudden decease, he wrote for a portrait of him, as a memento. "Not receiving one," he says naively, "I went to Buguet and got this."

No. 2 bears the image of a friend—M. Pierre Deparr—who died 18 years ago. The resemblance striking, and recognised by all who have seen it.

No. 3 shows another friend, an old lady of 72, who died 13 years ago, and has lately become one of the guides of Madlle. Cabourg.

No. 4 represents Madame Cabourg's cousin, who died 17 years ago, aged 26. Striking resemblance.

No. 5, Madame Cabourg's mother, who died 46 years ago. M. Cabourg recognises her from the decided resemblance to his wife. "Dont on disais toujours qu'elle était son portrait vivant."

No. 6 represents an *employé* of M. Cabourg's, to whom for 12 years he had been much attached. He communicates regularly at their séances, and writes beautiful communications.

I record this evidence as I have received it. Mr. Gledstanes tells us that M. Cabourg is a person worthy of credit; and these likenesses are avouched by a great number of witnesses. I can-

not add anything to the striking nature of this evidence. If true, as I do not doubt, it is one of the most curious facts on record.

Two other photographs of large size (8 in. by 5 in.) claim notice, both from the extreme clearness of the spirit likenesses, and from their intrinsic merit as works of art. The one represents the Comte de Bullet, with the spirit of a person still in the body. The other sitter is M. Buguet himself. Both spirit likenesses are recognised. Both photographs are of great artistic merit. This is a special recommendation in sitting to M. Buguet. The resulting picture is sure to be artistic, which is more than one is always able to say of spirit photographs.

* * The next paper will deal with the photographs of Mr. Parkes, 6 Gaynes Park Terrace, Grove Road, Bow.

Copies of the photograph described in this article of M.A. (Oxon.) may be purchased at Mr. Burns's, 15, Southampton Row, London, W.C.

ON THE NATURE OF GENIUS.

By FRANK PODMORE, Pembroke College, Oxford.

A. J. DAVIS tells us in his autobiography that during the first few years of his mediumship* he lived two entirely different lives, completely cut off the one from the other. In his clairvoyant state he could unravel all that had perplexed him in his ordinary moments. He could discern with clearness and certainty his own duty and the ultimate issue of the circumstances in which he was placed both to himself and to others. In this enlightened condition he would prescribe the course of conduct he was to pursue in his normal state, and would point out the end to which events were leading him. But on recovering from the trance all memory would vanish. It was, to use his own expression, as if a wall cut off his clairvoyant state from his ordinary life. He could now discern the future and the part that he should play in it no better than any one else. His vision had utterly gone and left behind it nothing but a vague, uneasy impression that his duty lay in this direction and not in that, but without the sure knowledge that made him strong to triumph over present obstacles in the prospect of future happiness. After many years of this strange, double life, which had guided him to the battle, but left him to fight alone and friendless, he suddenly found, to his great joy, that he could now recall in his ordinary condition all that he had seen in his clairvoyance. The battle

* Davis does not regard himself as a medium in the common acceptance of the term. In his "Superior Condition" he says he gains knowledge as independently as men do in the ordinary state, and that he is by no means the mouthpiece of spirits.—ED.

was still fierce, but the goal was always in view, and all his painful struggles seemed cheap in comparison of the refuge that awaited him.

It seems to me that in these experiences of the American seer, when supplemented and interpreted by other and better known facts, we have the key to the problem on which we are engaged. I believe that the condition which Davis describes, strange and abnormal though it may seem at first, is but an exaggerated and distorted form of what we are most of us familiar with in our lives. It is but a magnified phase of a clairvoyance, which in its action is not exceptional, but universal. I will first notice other remarkable and distinctive phases of this same phenomenon, as it seems to me, and will then endeavour to prove their identity with certain common and familiar experiences.

The subject of inspiration has been so fully treated of in connection with Spiritualism that I can do no more than briefly indicate its more prominent features. In old times the will of God—that is, the laws by which the universe is regulated, and to which we are bound to conform—was declared by certain men who, as we may gather from slight hints scattered through the writings of the Old Testament, were frequently in a trance (see the notices in the prophets Isaiah, &c.), or at all events in an abnormal condition of body, at the time of their receiving it. It was once believed that those sacred oracles were at once infallible, and vouchsafed only to the few. For a short time after the death of Jesus the opposite and truer belief gained ground—witness the account, given in the first epistle to the Corinthians, of spiritual gifts, and the evident implication that when prophesying were so many they were not all of equal value and credibility. But in the long darkness that followed, in this matter as in everything else, public opinion retrograded. But ever since the Reformation there have been teachers who have seen, with more or less certainty, that God has not committed his oracles “into the selfish rule of one sole race,” but that He is continually speaking by this mouthpiece or that. From Luther and Calvin, who claimed to be messengers of God, from Sir Thomas Browne, who declared his belief, that to the courtesy of angels we on earth owed many noble and precious inventions; from Emanuel Swedenborg, who asserted that he was the divinely-inspired prophet of the New Jerusalem, has this belief gained in force and clearness, and culminates in these times, when Thomas Carlyle teaches that “reason is the direct inspiration of the Almighty.” For since no man’s reason is entirely free from error, inspiration itself must be liable to be perverted by human imperfection.

In the same way the inspiration we call Genius was once held to be the prerogative of the few; and if not absolutely infallible,

it was yet esteemed high presumption to question the most trivial of its utterances. In the days of ancient Rome the same name was given to prophet and poet, which doubtless indicates that in early times the last was held as sacred as the first. In Greece the works of Homer were hardly less revered than is the Bible now. In early times his poems must have been looked on as almost divine; and down to a much later period the great Grecian poet continued to exercise an overwhelming influence on the minds of his countrymen, so that Socrates could refer to Homer as sufficient authority in the discussion of the gravest questions of philosophy. But as time went on it was found that, on the one hand, Genius was commoner than had been at first supposed, and on the other, that its works were not always clearly to be distinguished from those which had never received the divine afflatus, nor much less liable to error than the other productions of imperfect man. And in these times, when we are tracing the connecting links which connect the proud monarchy of England with the primæval village-community, and studying the means by which the lord of creation was developed out of a formless mass of jelly, we can more readily believe that the imagination which made Milton

" Ride sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of ecstasy,
The secrets of the abyss to spy,"

may be one with that which taught the common ploughboy to name the little white blossom with its golden centre "Eye of Day." And while the author of "Middlemarch" tells us that we all have vague yearnings, "which some mistake for religion, Genius, and more for the impulse of a mighty love," we believe that these aspirations are the fruitful germs which may be developed into each or all of these. We listen to Gerald Massey whilst he teaches that

" There's a divinity within
That makes men great whene'er they will it;
God works in all who dare to win,
And the time is coming to reveal it."

Whether, then, we call it Inspiration, Genius, or Clairvoyance—for these are names of one—it is vouchsafed to all. To all, indeed, in different measure; and in all it is capable of improvement. And can not we all, from our own experience, testify to the account of the American seer which I have given above. Do we not all know moments of clearer vision—moments, sometimes, when the spirit seems lifted away from earth, and we look on our goal from a sunlit height, and all the hardships and perils that lie between are swallowed up in the glories unutterable beyond. Our path through the Valley of the Shadow is fore-

shortened to our gaze, and seems to lead on without a break to the very summit of the Mountain of Duty. At such times we see what we must do, and why. We see, indeed, the trial, but far more do we see the reward, and we are ready to cry with Paul, "I reckon that the sufferings of this life present are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us." In such moments, each of us is as inspired as were the four Evangelists; as truly a genius as Goethe; as genuine a clairvoyant as Davis. But in our ordinary moments, do we not feel with the last-named, that, though we know our duty, the clear eye of faith which showed us the reward is dimmed; and we work on in weariness and gloom, happy if we do not faint and retire discouraged before the cheering vision gladdens us once more. Nor is this true only of the moral region. As with clairvoyants, all that has perplexed us in regard to more purely intellectual difficulties has disappeared. The problem which had cost us fruitless hours of toil is solved in the clear vision of an instant. We seem to penetrate delusive wrappings into the very essence of things. It may be in reading some favourite author that the veil which was on them before has been lifted from our eyes; it may be that on looking on some fair prospect we have felt—

"As if the moving time had been
A thing as steadfast as the scene
On which we gazed ourselves away."

But come the vision how it may, it is sure too soon to go and leave us, with much indeed of what we have seen still ours, but not ours with all the fulness of conviction that we long for. The bare skeleton of duty is present with us, but the flesh and blood that made us love it are gone; and it is not till we have wrought long in the darkness that the too brief dawn shines on us again.

In this we may trace a striking analogy with what we know of the workings of genius. The poet, in his ordinary condition, often fails to understand at all, much less to feel, with all the assurance of perfect knowledge, the noble thoughts to which he has given utterance in his moments of inspiration. Socrates, the wisest of the Greeks, tells us that he sought long and carefully to find any wiser and better than himself, who was conscious of knowing nothing. Often he discovered many noble thoughts in the writings of living poets, some, indeed, hard to be understood, but when their meaning was seized, most beautiful and precious. He often took such passages to their writers, and, wondering, found that they were less able to interpret them than himself. Their moments of inspiration had passed, and left them blinder than the man who was habitually inspired. I have heard, too, though whether on trustworthy authority I do not know,

that Mr. Tennyson, when questioned on the meaning of some obscure passage in his poems, will discuss the point with all the impartiality, and often with all the ignorance, of an ordinary critic. This, if true, proves that in our laureate, as in others, inspiration is intermittent. A further proof, if any were needed, that genius is not self-conscious, is afforded by the acknowledged fact that great men often mistake the direction in which their powers lie. Cicero was as vain of his contemptible verses as of all the splendours of his oratory. Shakespeare prided himself more on his sonnets, which are beautiful, than on his dramas, which are inimitable. And to take an instance from modern times, the two subjects on which, above all others, Mr. Ruskin believes his knowledge to be profound, are the dynamics of glacier action and political economy.

But we are not left without a guide to the true reason of the unconscious nature of genius. Spiritualism supplies the answer, but we might have known it without such aid, were we not "fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken." For what else did the early poets mean by invoking the assistance of the muses in their tasks, too great for unaided human powers? It was no empty form of rhetoric in them, but the sincere expression of a belief that heavenly aid was granted to him who asked it. In their degenerate descendants it was, doubtless, only the servile imitation of a form from which the spirit had departed—the bare skeleton was left of that which once had life and power to rouse the heart, but now could only flatter the ear with the unmeaning forms of a forgotten faith. But even in these days, when the cry is that the world is growing old, and religion has become a thing of the past, there are yet some found to cherish the faith that has grown threadbare with all the world beside. Such an one was the poet Shelley, called, as Socrates was called, an atheist; accused, as Jesus was accused, of blasphemy and enmity toward God. In one of the most beautiful of his poems, the *Adonais*, he avows his belief that—

"—— when lofty thought
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
And love and life contend in it for what
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there,
And move like wings of light on dark and stormy air."

And this, to which poets and prophets in the past have testified, the unanimous voice of spiritualists in the present confirm. We all agree in believing that genius, and not only genius, but sacred inspiration, clairvoyance, and that form of clairvoyance, inspiration, or genius which we all know in our better moments, proceed alike from a Power other than ourselves. We all owe our best and noblest to the kind offices of friends departed.

And viewed in this light, what means the lament that true genius in this age is impossible because all men are self-conscious? What but that we are becoming, not less dependent on such aid, but more willing to use it to the best advantage, by employing our own powers instead of suffering ourselves to be the mere passive mouthpiece of others. And does the prophet of this age, who leads the cry, forget that his great master, Goethe, was of all men the most self-conscious? In all his writings the great German but images himself, his own experiences, passions, sorrows, aspirations. And in none is this more the case than in the "Sorrows of Werter," where he dissects himself for the benefit of moping, melancholy Germany:—

"And all his store of sad experience he
Lays bare of wretched days:
Tells us his misery's birth, and growth and signs,
And how the dying spark of hope was fed,
And how the heart was soothed, and how the head,
And all his hourly varied anodynes."

And was not Jesus, the highest type of man, self-conscious to the uttermost? Surely, then, perfect genius must be that which best knows its own excellence and its own obligations. And if there is a lack of genius in this age, it is not because we know ourselves too well, but because we do not know ourselves enough, and waste on half-a-hundred aims the energy that might have ripened into genius, did we but know for what to strive.

If we believe that inspiration in its earlier forms is unconscious, we may see how it is that the instincts of the lower animals are so perfect. Sir J. Lubbock's experiments tend to show that bees are amongst the most stupid of animals when placed in circumstances where instinct cannot serve them; and it is generally acknowledged that, however complex the instinct, the animal obeys its mandates unconsciously. Darwin's theory of the hereditary transmission of serviceable habits is incomplete without the spiritual side of the question. It may raise a laugh in some, and insult the pride of others, to think our bestial progenitors could possibly have been inspired. But do you who object believe that there are no spirits of animals in the next world? And if we on this earth are influenced by beings like ourselves from a higher state, why should not our dog or horse be so? And we are further helped to this conclusion by the numerous accounts of apparitions which prove, that not only Balaam's ass, but animals in our times, are frequently more susceptible to spiritual presences than we are ourselves. If this be so, it is because we have dulled our sensibility by carelessness and wanton disobedience. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," because our perverted reason has not yet taught

us to cut ourselves off from it. As years go on, we neglect the heavenly voices and suffer the "shades of the prison-house" to close upon us, until we voluntarily thrust upon ourselves the yoke of custom, and let it

"—— lie upon us with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life."

And we are happy if we are yet permitted to catch glimpses of the land from which we have wilfully exiled ourselves. For then we may perpetuate what we see for the benefit of others, and thus gain for ourselves a double good. And the more we try to do this, the oftener will such visions be vouchsafed to us. From this it comes that men are seen at their best in their writings. They then sojourn for a time in the land which will soon be theirs for ever. They then foreknow the knowledge and foretaste the glory which shall one day be their own. And if we honestly endeavour to make the best of what we have, we shall gain yet more. Carlyle interprets the precept, "Know thyself" into "Know what thou canst work at," and by knowing this and doing it, we may hope to gain an inspiration which shall be, not fitful, but continual. For as A. J. Davis, by faithfully walking in the path pointed out to him by his better self, was at last rewarded by his lower nature being entirely absorbed in that better self, so we shall find that we may preserve and perpetuate our sudden gleams by following whither their light shall lead.

So that clairvoyance, genius, and inspiration are one, and are within the reach of all; not given capriciously to this man or that, leaving the majority "rayless and pathless." But if this great gift is to all, all are responsible for using it honestly, fearlessly, consistently.

A VISION.

The sunset glory of the sky had fled,
And night's dark pinions hovered overhead,
Clouding the land in garb of ashen gray,
Still mourning the departure of the day.
The sighing breeze swept slowly o'er the earth,
Filled with the fragrance of its southern birth,
And through the open casement lightly stole,
To soothe, with subtle balm, my weary soul.
Yes! weary of the search so long sustained,
Whose end seemed ever near, yet ne'er attained—
A search for truth, ere human art had sought
To twist the fabric so divinely wrought.

In books, in creeds, in nature's varying pen,
I sought to trace a truth unwarped by men;
In vain! Where'er I turned, the holy page
Had been dishallowed in each passing age.
The cooling zephyrs fanned my heated brow,
And magic sighs and whispers seemed to grow
From out the silence of the stilly night,
To fit my spirit for ethereal flight.
Soft slumber lent her ever ready hand
To guide my faltering steps across the strand
That parts the realm of ideal sights and sounds
From substance realised by outer bounds;
Yet e'en in sleep my reason fiercely craved
The draught by which its thirst might be allayed.
Then, as in answer to my eager prayer,
A form approached, so beautiful and fair
As though its whiteness were the reflex bright
Of heavenly wisdom's 'lluminating light.
In tones, whose music thrilled my list'ning ear,
This grand embodiment of angel sphere
Bade me arise and seek with him to find
The pearl of price that elevates the mind.
O'er hill and dale we trod with footstep fleet,
Past nodding groves where souls celestial meet;
But soon our feet were stayed before a mount,
Whose lofty summit shone, as though a fount
Of crystal snow unceasingly had play
Amid the azure robes that girt its way.
Awe-struck, I strove in vain to reach my guide,
Climbing with ease the shining mountain's side,
Until he backward turned with smiling face
To help my lagging steps to swifter pace.
Clearer and clearer grew the dazzling light,
As silently we neared the dizzy height,
And breathless watched the vap'ry column rise
To meet the bending arches of the skies.
Then, one by one the shadows fell away,
And wreathed the mountain top in misty spray.
When, lo! a glistening structure met my gaze,
Its summit lost within a gorgeous haze;
And from its riven side a gentle stream
Of water fell, so pure its lucid gleam
As though 't had laved the great white throne of grace,
To bear salvation to a fallen race.
A flood of glory swept across the sky,
Changing the azure to imperial dye,
And wound the crystal rock in golden bands,
That broke in myriad hues o'er pearly sands.
Yet still the water, white as driven snow,

Bathed with a noiseless flow the mountain's brow.
In wond'ring speech I bade my guide explain
The hidden meaning of the sun-crowned fane.
"That rock," the angel said, "is shadow faint
"Of truth, unsullied by a finite taint,
"Fresh from the shrine of Him whose hands control
"The secret workings of creation's soul.
"Melted by love, the garnered treasures pour
"Upon the mountains high their precious store;
"Each pearly drop some knowledge new contains,
"To solve the myst'ries hid in latent chains,
"And, flowing down to lower plains, reveal
"The inner tracings of the Master's seal."
But whilst he spoke the symbol fainter grew,
Fading in fleecy shadows from my view;
And once again the misty column rose,
To wrap the typic mount in deep repose.
Filled with emotions too intense for words,
My thoughts drawn heavenward by mystic cords,
I heedless trod a downward path, that led
To where a group of trees their branches spread
Above a pool, upon whose surface bright
Soft rays of sunshine dwelt in halo light.
With scarce a ripple of its limpid tide,
Through outlet guarded by a cedar wide,
The water ran, a slender, trickling rill,
Beyond the radius of that circle still.
I looked around—no inlet could I trace,
Though undiminished shone its placid face;
But then the angel, watchful of my gaze,
Apprised the thought within my bosom's maze.
With outstretched hand he showed an olive shoot
That nearest to the mount had taken root,
And 'neath its tender leaves a tiny flow
Of crystal came to feed the lake below.
Silent we left the spot, and wandered on,
O'er flowery plains, yet still the brooklet shone,
Reflecting back in brilliant hues the shades
Of bright-winged birds whose music filled the glades.
A verdant vale we passed; but, ah! the stream,
That late was beautiful as angel's dream,
Had duller grown, and streaks of ashen gray
Bestrewed the lustrous current of its way.
And as we traced its course through woodlands steep,
The water darker grew, yet hidden deep
Within its muddy bed I plain descried,
Shining like gems beneath the troubled tide,
Some wand'ring ripples of the pure white stream,
Waiting the dawn to renovate their gleam.

Through marshy swamps: but here the water changed
 And lay a stagnant pool, whilst round it ranged
 The loathsome reptiles of the fetid earth,
 Whose rotting masses gave their noxious birth.
 The vapours, rising from the pois'nous reeds,
 Assumed fantastic shapes, and clutched at weeds
 That twined their arms round blasted trunks of trees,
 Scathed by the lightning's stroke, and reft of leaves.
 A deadly silence hung upon the air,
 And veiled the darksome pool in black despair;
 Its tideless breast no answering image gave
 From out the sombre shadows of its grave.
 And as I looked, I marvelled that the spring,
 So pure in essence, should become a thing
 Of hideous gloom—a charnel house of ill—
 Where lurked the slumb'ring demons of its will.
 In answer to my thought, the angel said:
 "The stream whose downward course you see with dread
 Has imaged truth, as through the varied spheres
 Of finite minds it passes, and appears
 "Clothed with the proprium of men's own hearts,
 "Shorn of the heavenly wisdom love imparts;
 "Perverted thus the truth divine grows dark
 "Beneath the evil flood that dims its spark,
 "And, in this living tomb of deepest night,
 "Awaits the clarion trump of coming Light."
 Then, breathing o'er the surface chill, I saw
 The waters part, and, mingled with the ore
 Of tarnished gold, lay pearls that once were white,
 Now dull and worthless in their dismal plight.
 But whilst I gazed the pool divided shrank
 With mocking murmurs 'gainst its slimy bank,
 Then faded slowly into murky air,
 That downward swept with wails of wild despair.
 And 'midst those hideous cries I woke in fright,
 To find that morn had chased the clouds of night.

LONDON.

EMMA C. BICKELL.

ON MIRACLES AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM.*

Of late years the names of "Wallace, Crookes, and Varley" have been in everyone's mouth so frequently when Spiritualism was under discussion, that the humorous remark has been made that they represent the spiritualistic trinity, and furnish the evidences of belief upon which the spiritualistic apologist most fervently relies. In all parts of the world, and in all languages in which the discussion of the vexed theme of Spiritualism occupies a place, the names

* Three Essays by Alfred Russell Wallace. London: Burns. 5s.
 Vol. IX.

of these gentlemen are very frequently repeated, and often in the sequence quoted above. It is probable that in the centuries to come additional lustre will surround these fearless investigators, and they will be regarded as noble pioneers of scientific thought, who dared to look lovingly in the mystical face of nature, and read truthfully her most obscure though instructive lineaments.

Whatever may be the verdict of the future, it is undeniable that at present every word uttered by these gentlemen on the question of Spiritualism is eagerly sought after by the more intelligent section of the community. Newspapers and magazines of the highest class freely give publicity to articles and communications from the eminent scientific men who now give testimony on behalf of the phenomena. To their labours and intrepidity in declaring the results thereof, the movement is very much indebted; and it would appear that the good work which these helpers have to accomplish is scarcely yet begun. The volume before us, the most recent contribution from the world of science on behalf of Spiritualism, inspires the investigator of recent phenomena with feelings of hope and gratitude—buoyancy to work, and a sense of strength and assistance in the prosecution of his task. When we say that Mr. Wallace's work is the most important which has yet appeared in connection with Spiritualism, we do not necessarily institute any comparison with the productions of other authors. These may, in certain departments, and in the realm peculiar to their professional labours, give even more exhaustive evidence than the "Essays" furnish on that particular branch of the enquiry. But what renders Mr. Wallace's book so valuable is the comprehensiveness of its purpose, and the faithfulness with which the vast expanse of ground is covered. The experiences of the author are of course of great weight, and when his personal convictions are added, the effect is simply irresistible. But the treatment of "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism" embraces very much more than the individual position of the author, though that is a magnetic centre of attraction, as it were, round which all other views of the subject consistently gather. It is not only Alfred Russell Wallace on Spiritualism, but it is everybody worth naming on Spiritualism, and such a selection of facts and findings as imparts to the reader a thorough acquaintance with Spiritualism in all its ramifications. It is pre-eminently a book for the spiritualist, and the most profound investigator cannot reject its perusal; at the same time it is of manifold more value as a means of reaching the outside public. The author's scientific attainments and literary renown command a hearing on whatever subject he may choose to write, and this work will be taken up and calmly perused for the author's sake when a mere treatise on Spiritualism would be disregarded. This is a power which the promoters of Spiritualism would do well to avail themselves of, for in certain "social circles" we mistake very much if they do not find Mr. Wallace the most effective "medium" or expositor which they could employ. The study of Spiritualism

is so peculiar that a person or family has only to become interested in it to command the whole investigation within their own precincts. With no other assistance than this work furnishes, a party with mediumistic gifts may proceed to the holding of circles and the exploration of the mysterious realm which Spiritualism extends to its votaries. No kind of work could be more calculated to interest the enquiring mind. The facts introduced, irreconcilable though they may be with the reader's experience, are so fortified with the testimony of some of the most eminent names of the nineteenth century, that the force of prejudice gradually gives way to the cumulative truth which the author so adroitly leads to war against it. Of the general contents of the volume, the author says in his preface:—

"The Essays which form this volume were written at different times, and for different purposes. The first in order (though not the earliest in date) was read before the Dialectical Society, with the intention of inducing sceptics to reconsider the fundamental question of the inherent credibility or incredibility of Miracles. The second was written more than eight years ago for the pages of a Secularist periodical, and a very limited number of copies printed, chiefly for private circulation. The third is the article which recently appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*. All have been carefully revised, and considerable additions have been made of illustrative fact, argument, and personal experience, together with a few critical remarks on Dr. Carpenter's latest work."

In the first department of the work the arguments of Hume, Lecky, and other rationalistic writers are attacked. It has been generally thought by men of supreme reason that the idea of what is called miracle is a mental delusion, which the force of argument is able to dispel. The author is equally reasonable in an opposite direction, and, having routed the sceptical host, thus surveys the field of battle:—

"In conclusion, I must again emphatically point out that the question I have been here discussing is—in no way, whether miracles are true or false, or whether modern Spiritualism rests upon a basis of fact or delusion,—but solely, whether the arguments that have hitherto been supposed conclusive against them have any weight or value. If I have shown—as I flatter myself I have done—that the arguments which have been supposed to settle the general question so completely as to render it quite unnecessary to go into particular cases, are all utterly fallacious, then I shall have cleared the ground for the production of evidence; and no honest man desirous of arriving at truth will be able to evade an inquiry into the nature and amount of that evidence, by moving the previous question—that miracles are unprovable by any amount of human testimony. It is time that the 'derisive and unexamining incredulity' which has hitherto existed should give way to a less dogmatic and more philosophical spirit, or history will again have to record the melancholy spectacle of men, who should have known better, assuming to limit the discovery of new powers and agencies in the universe, and deciding, *without investigation*, whether other men's observations are true or false."

The reader's mind being thus cleared of sophistical cobwebs, he is prepared to enter upon the investigation in an unprejudiced

manner, which is systematically presented in the second treatise, "The Scientific Aspect of the Supernatural." Mr. Wallace begins by recommending a series of volumes for study, and presenting a list of his witnesses, which he thus introduces:—

"I subjoin a list of the persons whose names I have adduced in the following pages, as having been convinced of the truth and reality of most of these phenomena. I presume it will be admitted that they are *honest* men. If, then, these facts, which many of them declare they have repeatedly witnessed, never took place, I must leave my readers to account for the undoubted *fact* of their belief in them, as best they can. I can only do so by supposing these well-known men to have been all fools or madmen, which is to me more difficult than believing they are sane men, capable of observing matters of fact, and of forming a sound judgment as to whether or no they could possibly have been deceived in them. A man of sense will not lightly declare, as many of these do, not only that he has witnessed what others deem absurd and incredible, but that he feels morally certain he was not deceived in what he saw:—List—1. Professor A. De Morgan, mathematician and logician; 2. Professor Challis, astronomer; 3. Professor Wm. Gregory, M.D., chemist; 4. Professor Robert Hare, M.D., chemist; 5. Professor Herbert Mayo, M.D., F.R.S., physiologist; 6. Mr. Rutter, chemist; 7. Dr. Elliottson, physiologist; 8. Dr. Haddock, physician; 9. Dr. Gulley, physician; 10. Judge Edmonds, lawyer; 11. Lord Lyndhurst, lawyer; 12. Charles Bray, philosophical writer; 13. Archbishop Whately, clergyman; 14. Rev. W. Kerr, M.A., clergyman; 15. Hon. Col. E. B. Wilbraham, military man; 16. Capt. R. F. Burton, military man; 17. Nassau E. Senior, political economist; 18. W. M. Thackeray, author; 19. T. A. Trollope, author; 20. R. D. Owen, author and diplomatist; 21. W. Howitt, author; 22. S. C. Hall, author."

In the chapters which follow, the subject is thus treated:—

1. Introductory; 2. Miracles and Modern Science; 3. Modern Miracles viewed as Natural Phenomena; 4. Od-Force, Animal Magnetism, and Clairvoyance; 5. The Evidence of the Reality of Apparitions; 6. Modern Spiritualism—Evidence of Men of Science; 7. Evidence of Literary and Professional Men to the facts of Modern Spiritualism; 8. The Theory of Spiritualism; 9. The Moral Teachings of Spiritualism; 10. Notes of Personal Evidence.

This last section will be turned to with eagerness, for no doubt the author occupies the position of chief witness, though he stands aside till all the others are heard. Here is the note of his first séance:—

"July 22nd, 1865.—Sat with my friend, his wife, and two daughters, at a large lloo table, by daylight. In about half an hour some faint motions were perceived, and some faint taps heard. They gradually increased; the taps became very distinct, and the table moved considerably, obliging us all to shift our chairs. Then a curious vibratory motion of the table commenced, almost like the shivering of a living animal. I could feel it up to my elbows. These phenomena were variously repeated for two hours. On trying afterwards, we found the table could not be voluntarily moved in the same manner without a great exertion of force, and we could discover no possible way of producing the taps while our hands were upon the table."

A series of sittings with Mrs. Marshall, recently deceased, are

next described, and then he commenced sittings amongst his personal friends. An important conclusion was thereby arrived at.

"I now for some months left off going to Mrs. Marshall's, and endeavoured to produce the phenomena at home. My friend, Mr. R., soon found he had the power to produce slight movements of the table, but they were never of such a nature as to satisfy an observer that they were not produced consciously or unconsciously by our own muscles. The style and character of the communications obtained through these movements were, however, such as to satisfy me that our own minds had no part in producing them."

A series of phenomena, through the mediumship of Mrs. Guppy, is described, with further particulars respecting experiments conducted in the family, and the chapter on personal evidence thus concludes:—

"I have since witnessed a great variety of phenomena, some of which are alluded to in other parts of this volume; but I attach most importance to those which I have carefully and repeatedly tested, and which gave me a solid basis of fact by which to judge of what others relate or of what I have myself seen under less favourable conditions."

A portion of the author's experience, but of a different kind, is given in another part of the volume. It has some bearing on the attitude of scientific men towards Spiritualism, and of the relations of Spiritualism, as treating of a department in nature, to scientific method. Mr. Wallace says:—

"I am well aware that my scientific friends are somewhat puzzled to account for what they consider to be my delusion, and believe that it has injuriously affected whatever power I may have once possessed of dealing with the philosophy of Natural History. One of them—Mr. Anton Dohrn—has expressed this plainly. I am informed that in an article entitled "*Englische Kritiker und Anti-Kritiker des Darwinismus*," published in 1861,* he has put forth the opinion that Spiritualism and Natural Selection are incompatible, and that my divergence from the views of Mr. Darwin arises from my belief in Spiritualism. He also supposes that in accepting the spiritual doctrines I have been to some extent influenced by clerical and religious prejudice. As Mr. Dohrn's views may be those of other scientific friends, I may perhaps be excused for entering into some personal details in reply.

"From the age of fourteen I lived with an elder brother, of advanced liberal and philosophical opinions, and I soon lost (and have never since regained) all capacity of being affected in my judgments, either by clerical influence or religious prejudice. Up to the time when I first became acquainted with the facts of Spiritualism, I was a confirmed philosophical sceptic, rejoicing in the works of Voltaire, Strauss, and Carl Vogt, and an ardent admirer (as I am still) of Herbert Spencer. I was so thorough and confirmed a materialist that I could not at that time find a place in my mind for the conception of spiritual existence, or for any other agencies in the universe than matter and force. Facts, however, are stubborn things. My curiosity was at first excited by some slight but inexplicable phenomena occurring in a friend's family, and my desire for knowledge and love of truth forced me to continue the inquiry. The facts became more and more assured, more and more varied, more and more removed from any-

* This date must be wrong: possibly a typographical error.

thing that modern science taught or modern philosophy speculated on. The facts beat me. They compelled me to accept them, *as facts*, long before I could accept the spiritual explanation of them: there was at that time 'no place in my fabric of thought into which it could be fitted.' By slow degrees a place was made; but it was made, not by any preconceived or theoretical opinions, but by the continuous action of fact after fact, which could not be got rid of in any other way. So much for Mr. Anton Dohrn's theory of the causes which led me to accept Spiritualism. Let us now consider the statement as to its incompatibility with Natural Selection.

"Having, as above indicated, been led, by a strict induction from facts, to a belief—Firstly, In the existence of a number of preterhuman intelligences of various grades; and—Secondly, That some of these intelligences, although usually invisible and intangible to us, can and do act on matter, and do influence our minds. I am surely following a strictly logical and scientific course in seeing how far this doctrine will enable us to account for some of those residual phenomena which Natural Selection alone will not explain. In the 10th Chapter of my *Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection* I have pointed out what I consider to be some of these residual phenomena; and I have suggested that they may be due to the action of some of the various intelligences above referred to. This view was, however, put forward with hesitation, and I myself suggested difficulties in the way of its acceptance; but I maintained, and still maintain, that it is one which is logically tenable, and is in no way inconsistent with a thorough acceptance of the grand doctrine of Evolution, through Natural Selection, although implying (as, indeed, many of the chief supporters of that doctrine admit) that it is not the all-powerful, all-sufficient, and only cause of development of organic forms."

The volume concludes with "A Defence of Spiritualism," reprinted, with notes and additions, from the *Fortnightly Review*. This section of the work is eminently controversial. The objector is assisted over difficulties, and the latest facts are brought forward to sustain the older narrations. The progress of Spiritualism is traced, its method pointed out, and its aims ascertained. The "Defence" concludes with an eloquent statement of the value of Spiritualism to humanity.

"The assertion so often made that Spiritualism is the survival or revival of old superstitions, is so utterly unfounded as to be hardly worth notice. A science of human nature which is founded on observed facts; which appeals only to facts and experiment; which takes no beliefs on trust; which inculcates investigation and self-reliance as the first duties of intelligent beings; which teaches that happiness in a future life can be secured by cultivating and developing to the utmost the higher faculties of our intellectual and moral nature *and by no other method*,—is and must be the natural enemy of all superstition. Spiritualism is an experimental science, and affords the only sure foundation for a true philosophy and a pure religion. It abolishes the terms "supernatural" and "miracle" by an extension of the sphere of law and the realm of nature; and in doing so it takes up and explains whatever is true in the superstitions and so-called miracles of all ages. It and it alone, is able to harmonise conflicting creeds; and it must ultimately lead to concord among mankind in the matter of religion, which has for so many ages been the source of unceasing discord and incalculable evil;—and it will be able to do this because it appeals to evidence instead of faith, and substitutes facts for opinions; and

is thus able to demonstrate the source of much of the teaching that men have so often held to be divine.

"It will thus be seen, that those who can form no higher conception of the uses of Spiritualism, 'even if true,' than to detect crime or to name in advance the winner of the Derby, not only prove their own ignorance of the whole subject, but exhibit in a marked degree that partial mental paralysis, the result of a century of materialistic thought, which renders so many men unable seriously to conceive the possibility of a natural continuation of human life after the death of the body. It will be seen also that Spiritualism is no mere 'psychological' curiosity, no mere indication of some hitherto unknown 'law of nature;' but that it is a science of vast extent, having the widest, the most important, and the most practical issues, and as such should enlist the sympathies alike of moralists, philosophers, and politicians, and of all who have at heart the improvement of society and the permanent elevation of human nature."

In a final paragraph, the reader is thus admonished:—

"In concluding this necessarily imperfect though somewhat lengthy account of a subject about which so little is probably known to most of my readers, I would earnestly beg them not to satisfy themselves with a minute criticism of single facts, the evidence for which in my brief survey may be imperfect; but to weigh carefully the mass of evidence I have adduced, considering its wide range and various bearings. I would ask them to look rather at the great results produced by the evidence than at the evidence itself as imperfectly stated by me; to consider the long roll of men of ability who, commencing the inquiry as sceptics, left it as believers, and to give these men credit for not having overlooked, during years of patient inquiry, difficulties which at once occur to themselves. I would ask them to ponder well on the fact, that no earnest and patient inquirer has ever come to a conclusion adverse to the reality of the phenomena; and that no Spiritualist has ever yet given them up as false. I would ask them, finally, to dwell upon the long series of facts in human history that Spiritualism explains, and on the noble and satisfying theory of a future life that it unfolds. If they will do this, I feel confident that the result I have alone aimed at will be attained; which is, to remove the prejudices and misconceptions with which the whole subject has been surrounded, and to incite to unbiassed and persevering examination of the facts. For the cardinal maxim of Spiritualism is, that every one must find out the truth for himself. It makes no claim to be received on hearsay evidence; but on the other hand, it demands that it be not rejected without patient, honest, and fearless inquiry."

In an appendix, Dr. Carpenter comes in for treatment, and the view of that physiological writer therein set forth is certainly not very flattering to his candour. The following little personal narrative will show how anxious the doctor is to show the purity of his ignorance respecting Spiritualism:—

"In the spring of 1867, when I had obtained the proofs of force in lifting (not turning) a table (as detailed at p. 132) I invited Dr. Carpenter to attend some sittings, with every probability of being able to show the phenomena. He came once. The sitting was not very successful, raps and taps of varying character being alone produced. Although strongly pressed to do so he *never came again*. With Professor Tyndall exactly the same thing occurred. He came once, and declined to come again; although informed of phenomena which had repeatedly occurred in my own house, which he could not explain, and which I had every reason to believe would

occur in his presence if he would only give three or four short sittings to these investigations. More recently Dr. Sharpey and Professor Stokes, Secretaries of the Royal Society, refused the invitation of one of their own Fellows, Mr. Crookes, to witness experiments which formed the subject of a paper offered to the Society. Where we are vaguely and generally accused of 'uniformly refusing' to produce certain proofs, it is only right that the public should know how our scientific opponents receive our offers to exhibit even more conclusive proofs. We must also remember that Dr. Carpenter is acquainted with the evidence of the Dialectical Committee, of Serjeant Cox, of Mr. Crookes, of Mr. Varley, and of myself, as to the movement of heavy objects entirely without contact of the medium or any other person; yet in 1874 he can adduce nothing but the utterly exploded and almost forgotten 'table turning' of Faraday, as worthy of notice."

With this brief outline of such an important work, our readers will not remain satisfied, and so we have made arrangements whereby they can be supplied with copies at less than wholesale price. The book is published at 5s., but on sending to the publisher the cheque from the beginning of this number, enclosing 3s. 6d., the work will be given in exchange; if it has to be sent per post, 3s. 10d. must be remitted.

WILL-ABILITY.*

This work proceeds to attain an important result by a variety of methods. The chief aim of the author is philanthropy, and this he endeavours to support by philosophy founded on the facts of man's nature. He cannot conceive of men being improved by vindictive punishments. The differences amongst men he points out to be organic; and as men had no choice in the circumstances that gave imperfection to the organism, they should not, therefore, be visited with any other consequences than those which naturally arise out of the possession of such crooked members. The vicious should be made the objects of merciful treatment, as their afflictions are already too hard for them to bear. Goodness, guided by a true philosophy, he recommends as the only proper course open to society in respect to the treatment of the individual.

By a series of very wonderful and instructive facts in clairvoyance, &c., he argues that the future of the individual is a fixed and

* Will-Ability; or, Mind and its varied Conditions and Capacities: being a Dissertation and Explanation of the Mystery of Mind-energy or Mental Volition, as exercised in controlling ourselves or the thoughts, feelings, and acts of others; exemplified especially as to the latter capabilities, by the faculty of Electro-Biology or Animal Magnetism, and the influence of Fascination. Illustrated by Facts. Also, Observations on the consequences effected in us through the Quality or Dominion of Faith and Belief, or Self-will Operation, as influenced by the Phrenological Organ of Hope, and called into active being through the agency of Education or Persuasion, and other means, as Charms, Spells, and Amulets. To which are added Essays on Free-Will, and Fate, Destiny, and Inevitable Necessity." By Joseph Hands, M.R.C.S. and M.P.S., &c. Cloth, 2s. 6d. London: J. Burns, 15 Southampton Row, W.C.

external fact, that our fate is already determined, and each act is a necessity. Circumstances direct our choice, so that free-will is an absurdity. He defines freedom as permission for the individual to achieve that for which he has the desire and ability. Freedom is only relative, and legislation should be directed to the end of securing the individual that freedom of action which his relative state of development demands.

Mr. Hands is one of the oldest investigators of mesmerism in London, and has been peculiarly successful in the development of clairvoyants. The extraordinary narratives, interspersed with the more reflective portions of the work, read like a fairy tale. He was the friend of Elliotson, Ashburner, and other historical investigators of psychology. He is also a phrenologist and reformer in matters medical and spiritual generally, and with a ripe scholarship and marked ability for originality of thought. This work on "The Will" is deeply interesting and instructive.

If our space permitted, we would gladly give extracts, but the work is so cheap that it is within reach of the most humble reader. We do not necessarily indorse all that is written therein, because much might be said in antithesis of what is advanced. The view of man is no doubt spiritual in result, but taken from the inductive or material side. Treated deductively, as in the series of orations by Mrs. Tappan, at present being reported in the *Medium*, the aspect changes apparently, yet in reality the result is identical. Without asking the reader to accept what is presented on either hand, we warmly recommend the perusal of such works as the one before us. There is no better feature of human character than for the ripe and experienced to come forth and labour for the instruction of the age in which they live, and no one is better entitled to a respectful hearing than the author before us. We predict an early call for his other works on the great philosophical and humanitarian problems of the day.

H O P E .

(TO MY COUSIN, FLORA F.)

HERE we live and we love,
And we look up above
With a longing that clings to the heart—
'Tis the hope that when death
Stills our life-heaving breath,
In yon blue realms we'll meet ne'er to part.

Oh! when there we do meet,
Think, dear Flora, how sweet
'Twill be then to look back to the days
When we here 'midst this scene,
Now so dark, now serene,
Oft consoled us with sympathy's gaze.

Let the godless declare
That 'tis folly to dare
Hope for life when immured in the grave;
Nature e'en to their breast,
Tells the frame holds a guest
Which no waters of Lethe can lave!

In all ages her voice
Prompted man to rejoice
For the tidings of gladness it tendered;
And man scared off despair,
For his soul felt aware
'Twas the *Father* that hope thus engendered.

FLORENCE, 5th Feb., 1875.

SEBASTIANO FENZI.

MAN TRANS-CORPOREAL:

THE SUBSTANCE RATHER THAN THE SHADOW OF THE MERE
MATERIAL MAN.

(By C. B. RADCLIFFE in the *Contemporary Review*, December, 1874.)

"It is no part of my philosophy to turn away from serious thoughts when they lie before me."—*Southey: The Doctor.*

Is man what he seems to be at first sight, body and little if anything else, or is he more, much more, than this? Has he to be regarded from an Aristotelian or from a Platonic point of view? In the present matter-of-fact days, when Aristotelianism is so much in the ascendant, little heed, I fear, is likely to be paid to Plato, and still less to S. Paul and others whose claim to reverent attention is even greater than that of Plato; and it grieves me that it should be so, for, in truth, it is *not* with those who are content to look at man through the eyes of Aristotle that I find myself in company.

To Aristotle the things of sense are in every way real. Any such thing, his own body for instance, he regards as a compound made up of *ἔλκ*, matter, and *ἵδης* form, the latter being the true substance, the constituent element, the formative principle, the energy by which the thing is produced and constituted and actualized. With the exception of mind, *νοῦς*, which is regarded as a manifestation of pure *ἵδης* peculiar to man, all the varied phases of life belonging to man in common with plants and animals are held to have, in great part at least, a material basis, to be bodily functions. Let the body of man die, and all the life belonging to it dies also, except mind, *νοῦς*, which is supposed to join the body sometime before birth, and to take leave of the body at death, and which, as pure *ἵδης*, is indestructible. Aristotle does not concern himself so much with the life belonging to pure *ἵδης*, whether manifested in human mind, or in the First Cause, as with the life which has to do with the body made up partly of *ἔλκ* and partly of

* "Every man is born an Aristotelian or a Platonist." So wrote Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and so also wrote Frederick von Schlegel, the one, it may be, repeating unwittingly the remark of the other. Moreover, Mr. Erskine, of Linlathen, said something to the same effect in a conversation I had with him not long before his death—a conversation to which I shall always look back with satisfaction as a memorable passage in my own life.

ἰδέεσσι—with that life, in short, of which, as being more or less connected with *ἔλκ*, it is right to say that, in part at least, it has a material basis. He supposes the First Cause to be purest *ἰδέεσσι*, and therefore life in a pre-eminent sense; but he shuts out man from this source of life by making the First Cause, for all practical purposes, extra-mundane: and he is content to trace the life of man to the joint workings of the human mind and body. Nay, it is scarcely unfair to say that he is more content to refer this to the *ἔλκ*, entering into the constitution of the body than to the *ἰδέεσσι*, and that he now and then seems to confound these two elements, by speaking of *ἔλκ* as if it were all but actually *ἰδέεσσι*, and of *ἰδέεσσι* as if it might be so far materialised as to come within the reach of the senses. In a word, man, from an Aristotelian point of view, is to be regarded as a being with whom the First Cause has nothing to do, and who owes obedience only to the laws of nature—a being who at most is not much more than mere body, and whose body is of the earth earthy, in that it may be the product of a law of development by which inorganic matter has been gradually made to shape itself, through various lower forms of being, perhaps even through woman, into man.

The views of Plato are in every way opposed to these. Aristotle regards the things of sense as being really what they seem to be: Plato, on the other hand, considers them as mere phantoms, except in so far as they derive reality from things transcending sense, to which he gives the name of *ἰδέαι*, *Ideas*, the things of sense being, in fact, only copies or adumbrations of these ideas—a view according to which the world of appearances, the material world, holds from the ideal world that shines through it “its entire existence in fee.” Everywhere, moreover, Plato is bent on recognising a principle of unity in multiety and of multiety in unity, by which all things are bound together so as to be really and actually one, not only with each other, but also with a Divine Being who is at once the true centre of unity and the only source of being—who is also not merely that which is divine, but divinity personified, not merely *τὸ θεῖον*, but *ὁ θεός*. “When,” says Maurice, “we use personal language to describe the God of whom Plato speaks, we feel that we are using that which suits best with his feelings and principles, even though, through reverence and ignorance, he forbears to use it himself. When we use personal language to describe the deity of Aristotle, we feel that it is improper and unsuitable, even if, through deference to ordinary natures, or the difficulty of inventing any other, he resorts to it himself. Theology can have no connexion with the system of Aristotle.” On the other hand, Platonism has its very basis in theology. Indeed, Plato may be described as a devout transcendentalist who could very well believe that the gods might appear among men as men, and again disappear, and that men, without any miracle, might undergo corresponding changes, because he believed in the material world as something which was capable of being idealized or spiritualized so as to be rapt away from the senses, and in the ideal and spiritual world as something not unsusceptible of that material change by which it could come within the reach of the senses. Without being inconsistent with his principles as a philosopher, Plato could not be other than religious in one way or another. In all sincerity, he may have fulfilled the last wish of Socrates by offering in person a cock to Aisklepios. But not so Aristotle, who actually would have been put to death for atheism, if he had not escaped from Athens to Chalcis, and remained there ever after, even until his death in 322 B.C. At all events, believing as he did in the subordination of the material body to the ideal body—of the *σώμα* to the *ἰδέαι*, and in the doctrine of unity, Plato could not by any possibility refer life in any of its many aspects to a material basis, or believe that man was less than a being whose nature, in very deed, was congenious with that of the Divine Being.

Nor is a different lesson to be found in the pages which contain what are for me sacred utterances. For what is this? It is that God is all in all, and that man is the "image of God." In God "we live, and move, and have our being." "By Him all things consist." The idea of unity is thus, without confusion, associated with that of diversity, and the idea of diversity with that of unity; the association holding good, even as regards divinity itself. Enough is said, moreover, to make it necessary to believe that there is in man that which is beyond the reach of the senses, a man trans-corporeal, as well as a man corporeal, a body celestial and immortal as well as a body terrestrial and mortal, the one in every way real, the other only apparent, the one "an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," and "present with the Lord"; the other an earthly tabernacle, burdensome in every sense, *naked*, and "absent from the Lord," the body terrestrial being something which is to be, not put off, as by a process of un-clothing, but *clothed-upon*, mortality being swallowed up in life, death in victory. "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be *clothed-upon* with our house which is from heaven τὸ οἰκητήριον ἡμῶν τὸ ἐξ οὐρανοῦ ἐκτιθέμενον ἵνα τοιοῦτον ᾖ: if so be that being clothed we shall not be found naked, εἴ γε καὶ ἰδυσάμενοι, οὐ γυμνοὶ ἐκτιθήσμεθα. For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened: not for that we would be *unclothed*, but *clothed-upon*, that mortality might be swallowed up of life, ἵνα οὐδὲν ὁ θάλαμον ἰδύσασθαι, ἀλλ' ἐκτιθέσθαι, ἵνα καταπέσῃ τὸ ἐν γένει ὅσα τῆς ζωῆς. . . . Therefore we are always confident, knowing that whilst we are at home in the body we are absent from the Lord (for we walk by faith, and not by sight): we are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord."

What then? Is there a way out of these difficulties which may be made in some measure passable? No, I say to those who require a road along every stage of which they may ride or drive luxuriously, and no, more emphatically still, to those who want the speed and ease of a railway for their journeying: yes, I say to all who are content with a foot-path, always ill made and often not made at all, and who have pleasure in the active use of their limbs. And what I have now to do is to try and make good this latter statement as best I may in the space at my disposal.

In setting about this task I shall occupy myself chiefly with the consideration of matters relating to *mind*; but I have also something to say about *body*, of which a part may perhaps be said with advantage before proceeding further.

In attempting to analyse the phenomena of body, it is difficult to keep in the background the phenomena which are supposed to belong more exclusively to mind. There is in them evidently more than what is seen. The visible body is certainly transitory. The matter of which it is made is in a state of endless flux. Matter is continually passing from the inorganic world into the organic, and from the organic back again into the inorganic. No creature is for long built up of the same material, and, in fact, the same material serves successively for the building up of countless creatures. And yet underlying this ceaseless flux is something abiding, archetypal, spiritual,—something by which these ever-floating atoms are for the time compelled to take upon themselves the bodily form in which they are manifested to the senses,—something which holds the same relation to the ordinary body as that which is held by the Platonic *ἰδέα* to the Platonic *εἶδωλον*, or by the body celestial to the body terrestrial. Without such something the ordinary body is simply nothing. Ordinary body, in short, must hold its very existence in fee from spirit, and there is no escape from this conclusion.

Moreover, the traces of archetypal unity which are everywhere perceptible in the organic world may be looked upon as supplying evidence to the same effect; for may not these show that the bodies of different living creatures are not things apart, as they would seem to be at first sight, but parts of a connected whole which has its real foundation in the unity of the Divine Being? In a word, it is impossible to rest satisfied with the conclusion that the body of which the senses take cognizance is all in all; and the more the matter is looked into in this way the more it becomes evident that this body is no more than the copy or adumbration of the real body. Indeed, it is not impossible that the body terrestrial may undergo a change like that of which Fra Angelico and Raphael had a vision when they were inspired to paint the transfiguration of Christ in the immortal works which are yet to be seen in scarcely diminished lustre, the one in fresco on the cell-wall of the convent of S. Marco at Florence, the other on the canvas now in the Vatican,—or like that which was exemplified more or less fully in Moses when he had to veil his countenance, or in Elijah at the moment of his translation, or in Ananias, Azarias, and Misael in the midst of the fiery furnace, or in the disciples at the day of Pentecost (when, perhaps, it was not upon the heads merely that the tongues of fire rested), or in Stephen, when his countenance shone like that of an angel, or in the evangelist Philip, when he was caught away from the side of the eunuch and found again at Azotus—a change which is evidently akin to that which passed over the body of Christ, not only at the transfiguration, but also when he walked upon the sea of Galilee, or vanished from the angry crowd at Nazareth, or went about, now visible, now invisible, after the resurrection,—a body which might be realised in flesh at one moment, and rapt away from the senses at the next, and which has the same relation to the body terrestrial that the body celestial may be supposed to have. And to my mind it is more easy to entertain this belief than to reject it.

Passing on to the consideration of mental phenomena, it is difficult to proceed far without perceiving that every path of inquiry leads in the same direction as that which has just been indicated when speaking of the phenomena belonging to body, and that the only perplexity lies in the choice of the path along which it may be wise to plod in the first instance. Whether the path chosen be this or that, whether it lie through the memory, or the imagination, or the intellect, or the will, or the sympathies, or the religious instincts, or the conviction of personal identity which, as *ego*, it invariably leads away from body to spirit, and from spirit to the conception of unity in the Divine Being; and what I would now do is to try and in some measure make good this statement by wandering along each of these paths in turn, without any more settled plan than that which arises out of the order in which I have chanced to name it.

As I reflect upon the phenomena of *memory*, I find myself less and less disposed to regard them as having their foundation in mere brain—as being solely due to cerebration.

Coleridge, in his "Biographia Literaria," relates the case of a girl in which is to be found a very cogent proof that there is something *imperishable* in memory. "This case," he writes, "occurred in a Catholic town in Germany a year or two before my arrival in Gottingen, and had not then ceased to be a frequent subject of conversation. A young woman of four or five and twenty, who could neither read nor write, was seized with a nervous fever, during which, according to the asseverations of all the priests and monks of the neighbourhood, she became possessed with a very learned devil. She continued incessantly talking Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, in very pompous tones, and with most distinct enunciation. This possession was rendered more probable by the known fact that she was a

heretic. Voltaire humorously advises the devil to decline all acquaintance with medical men, and it would have been more to his reputation if he had taken this advice in the present instance. The case had attracted the particular attention of a young physician, and by his statements many eminent physiologists and psychologists visited the town and made cross-examination on the spot. Sheets full of her ravings were taken down from her mouth, and were found to consist of sentences coherent and intelligible each for itself, but with little or no connection with each other. Of these a small portion only could be traced to the Bible; the remainder seemed to be in the Rabbinical dialect. All trick or conspiracy was out of the question. Not only had this young woman ever been a harmless, simple creature, but she was labouring under a nervous fever. In the town in which she had been resident for many years as a servant in different families, no solution presented itself. The young physician, however, determined to trace her past life step by step, for the patient herself was incapable of returning a rational answer. He at length discovered the place where her parents had lived, travelled thither, found them dead, but an uncle surviving, and from him learnt that the patient had been charitably taken by an old Protestant pastor at nine years old, and had remained with him for some years, even until the old man's death. Of this pastor the uncle knew nothing but that he was a very good man. With great difficulty, and after much trouble, our young medical philosopher discovered a niece of the pastor's, who had lived with him as a house-keeper, and had inherited his effects. She remembered the girl; related that her venerable uncle had been much too indulgent, and could not bear to hear her scolded; that she was willing to have kept her, but that after her patron's death, the girl herself refused to stay. Anxious inquiries were then, of course, made concerning the pastor's habits, and the solution of the problem was soon obtained; for it appeared that it had been the old man's custom for years to walk up and down a passage in his house into which the kitchen door opened, and to read to himself with a loud voice out of his favourite books. A considerable number of these were still in the niece's possession. She added that he was a very learned man, and a great Hebraist. Among the books were found a collection of Rabbinical writings, together with several of the Greek and Latin fathers; and the physician succeeded in identifying so many passages with those taken down at the young woman's bed-side, that no doubt could remain in any rational mind concerning the true origin of the impressions made upon her nervous system."

"This authenticated case," continues Coleridge, "furnishes both proof and instance that reliques of sensation may exist for an indefinite time in a latent state, in the very same order in which they were originally impressed, and contributes to make it even probable that all thoughts are in themselves imperishable; and that if the intellectual faculty should be rendered more comprehensive, it will require only a sufficient and apportioned organisation—the body *celestial*, instead of the body *terrestrial*—to bring before every human soul the collective experience of its whole past existence. And this—this, perchance, is the dread book of judgment in whose mysterious hieroglyphics every idle word is recorded! Yea, in the very nature of a living spirit, it may be more probable for heaven and earth to pass away than that a single act—a single thought—shall be loosened or lost from that living chain of causes, to all whose links, conscious or unconscious, the free-will, our only absolute *self*, is co-extensive and co-present."

As bearing directly upon these remarks, De Quincey also writes:—"I was once told by a near relative of mine (a woman of masculine understanding and unimpeachable veracity) that, having in her childhood fallen

into a river, and being on the very verge of death but for the assistance which reached her at the last critical moment, she then saw her whole past life, clothed in its forgotten incidents, arrayed before her as in a mirror, not successively, but simultaneously; and that she had at the same time a faculty developed as suddenly for comprehending the whole and every part. This, from some opium experiences, I can believe. . . . And of this I feel assured, that there is no such thing as ultimate *forgetting*; traces once impressed upon the memory are indestructible. A thousand accidents may, and will, interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions in the mind. Accidents of the same sort will also rend away this veil. But alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscriptions remain for ever; just as the stars seem to withdraw before the common light of day, whereas, in fact, we all know that it is the light which is drawn over them as a veil, and that they are waiting to be revealed whenever the obscuring daylight itself shall have been withdrawn."

To the same effect, also, is the story told in a letter to the celebrated Dr. Wollaston by the late hydrographer, to the navy, Admiral Beaufort, of his own experience in drowning—a letter which has, I believe, found its way into print before, but which I transcribe, as far as is necessary to my present purpose, from a manuscript copy in the possession of my friend Sir Thomas Watson, who, in fact, called my attention to it.

"Many years ago," writes the Admiral, "when a youngster of the 'Aquilon' frigate, after sculling a boat about Portsmouth harbour, I was endeavouring to make her fast alongside the ship, but, the tide being strong, and the boat sheering off, I foolishly stopped on the gunwale in order to reach the ring of one of the scuttles. The boat, of course, upset, I tumbled into the water, and, not knowing how to swim, all my efforts to lay hold either of the boat or of the floating sculls were fruitless. The transaction had not been observed by the sentinel on the gangway, and it was not until the tide had carried me some distance from the ship, that a man on the fore-top saw the splashing in the water and gave the alarm. The first lieutenant (the present Rear-Admiral Oliver) instantly jumped overboard, the carpenter followed his example, and the gunner hastened into a boat and pulled after us. With the violent attempts to make myself heard I had swallowed a good deal of water, my struggles to keep myself afloat had exhausted me, and before any of my gallant preservers overtook me, I had sunk below the surface. All exertions having ceased, all hope having fled, I felt that I was drowning.

"So far the facts were either partially remembered, or else supplied to me by those who had witnessed the scene, for during an interval of such agitation, the mind is too much absorbed by alternate hope and despair to mark the succession of ordinary events very accurately; not so, however, as regards the circumstances which immediately followed. From the moment exertion had ceased, which I imagine was immediately consequent upon complete suffocation, a feeling of the most perfect tranquility superseded the previous tumultuous sensations. It might be called apathy. It was certainly not resignation; for dying no longer appeared to be an evil, and all thought of rescue was at an end. Nor was I in any bodily pain. On the contrary, my feelings were rather of a pleasurable cast, comparable, perhaps, to those of that dull, but satisfactory, state which precedes the sleep produced by fatigue. Though the senses were thus deadened, the activity of the mind seemed invigorated and excited in a ratio which defies expression, and thought succeeded thought with a rapidity which is not only indescribable, but probably inconceivable, by any one who has not himself been in a similar situation.

"The course of these thoughts I can now in a great measure retrace.

The event that had just taken place, the awkwardness that had produced it, the bustle it had caused on board (for I had observed the two persons leap out of the chains), the effect it would have on my most affectionate father, the manner in which he would disclose it to the rest of the family, and a thousand other circumstances associated with home—these were the first ideas which occupied me. But my thoughts now took a wider range, and the events of the last cruise, a preceding voyage, a former shipwreck, the school where I had been educated, my boyish adventures and earliest exploits, every past incident in my life, glanced across my mind in retrograde succession, not in mere outline, as here stated, but with the picture filled up with every collateral detail. In short, my whole life seemed placed before me in a sort of panoramic review, and each act of it was accompanied by a consciousness of right and wrong, or by a reflection on its causes and its consequences; indeed, many trifling affairs which had long been forgotten then crowded into my mind with a sort of recent familiarity.

"It is remarkable that the innumerable ideas which thus crowded into my mind—with one exception at the outset about the feelings of my family—were all retrospective. Yet I had been religiously brought-up; my hopes or fears of the next world had lost nothing of their early strength, and at any other period the most intense interest, or the most awful anticipation, would have been excited by the mere probability that I was standing on the threshold of eternity. Yet, in that inexplicable moment, when I had a full conviction that I had crossed the threshold, not a single thought wandered into the future. I was wrapped entirely in the past. . . .

"Whilst life was returning my feelings were painfully the reverse of those which immediately preceded the loss of consciousness. A single, miserable, confused belief that I was still drowning dwelt upon my mind—a hopeless and doubting anxiety, a kind of horrid nightmare, pressed heavily on every faculty and prevented the formation of a single distinct thought, and it was with extreme difficulty that I could at length convince myself that I was really alive. Again: instead of being free from bodily suffering, I was tortured by dull, but deep pains; and though I have since been seriously wounded in all parts of my body, and subjected to severe surgical discipline, I consider my suffering to have been far greater at that time, if not in intensity, at least in general distress.*

With such experience, it is no wonder that, in the course of this letter, Admiral Beaufort should put the question: "May we not infer that in the 'prolonged instant' in which the past was so marvellously opened out there is no faint indication of the almost infinite power of memory with which we

* Commenting in a contemporary on these cases, M. A. (Oxon) gives the following personal experience.—The present writer can add his own testimony to those which Dr. Radcliffe cites. Some fifteen years ago, whilst a student of the University of Oxford, he was one day sculling on the Isis in a skiff. Ignorant of the rules which regulate traffic, so as to leave space for practising eights, he put his little boat across the track of a racing eight, and was run down. It did not seem to occur to anybody that one who would trust his life in so frail a boat was unable to swim. It was so, however, and he rapidly sank. The first struggles over, a feeling of placidity took the place of apprehension and pain. A drowsy, dreamy sensation supervened; and a panoramic view of life even in its minutest incidents, was presented. It seemed as though the vision was pictured on the waters as they passed before his eyes. Soft and shadowy the picture seemed to float before him; and as they passed the inner consciousness recalled the scene, and supplied the comment. Things long forgotten were so recalled to memory; and at the present moment the writer is able to picture vividly scenes which occurred before the period to which memory naturally reached, and which were in this way imprinted on his mind by reminiscence.

are to awaken hereafter, and thus be enabled, or compelled, to contemplate our past life? Or, might it not almost warrant the startling idea that death is only a change or modification in our existence, in which there is no real pause or interruption?"

In a note accompanying the copy of this letter, Sir Thomas Watson writes: "Many years ago a Mr. Impey, whom I met at dinner, told me that James Boswell (son of Dr. Johnson's Jemmy Boswell), who was a contemporary of his at Brazenose, Oxford, and was once nearly drowned, had afterwards declared to him (Impey) that he then felt a drowsy, sleepy, undulating sensation, and that in a very short space of time the minutest circumstances of all his former life appeared before his mind in rapid succession. The present Lord Romilly, and his deceased brother Edward, also knew of similar cases; the former of a gentleman rendered insensible by immersion in the Lake of Geneva; the latter of an acquaintance of his, a Mr. Ashmore (?), who was near being drowned in this country."

And thus, at the very onset of the inquiry, there appears to be a necessity to believe that there is something *imperishable* in memory which is inexplicable on the supposition that this mental faculty is a mere function of any perishable organ like brain—something which almost appears to necessitate the conclusion that the mind, of which memory is a faculty, has its foundation deep down in *spirit* of which *imperishability* may be an attribute, perhaps in Divine Spirit.

Moreover, it is no easy matter to rest content with the notion that all the records of the memory are written down in the brain. The knowledge of identity, by which an object once seen is recognised as having been seen, would seem to be a sufficient reason for believing that this object retains in itself some mark by which it can be recognised. Without such mark any knowledge of identity, any act of recognition, must, as it would seem, be mixed with a doubt whether the eye and mind are not, after all, dealing with a new and different object. To me, indeed, the knowledge of identity, which is involved in the act of recognition, is in itself, and by itself, a conclusive proof that the records of memory are not all kept in the ganglionic brain-cells—that some of them are to be found elsewhere; nay, it even suggests the idea that these latter may be the originals of which the former are only copies at most—copies, too, which may perhaps be dispensed with. For, after all, if mind be a spirit, what is *within* and what is *without* in relation to it? If, in the petition, "Thy kingdom come," I must remember, "Neither shall they say, lo, here! or, lo, there! for, behold, the kingdom of God is *within* you;" it surely follows that my being is not less comprehensive as regards the present world. I cannot explain the conceptions of within and without, of here and there, of locality generally; but I can see that they may have to do with a present imperfect state of being. Nay, even now, I perceive dimly that in forming these conceptions I cannot altogether exclude their opposites, and that I have something to do with a state in which there is neither within nor without, neither here nor there, in which I am in very deed in some mysterious way superior to space. Even now, indeed, I can dimly perceive that there is something in me which is not content to be cooped up in "the clay cottage in which I am tenant for life"—that I have a *spirit* of which *ubiquitousness* is an attribute—a spirit which is, in this respect, akin to the Divine Spirit. And thus, instead of there being any need that the records of memory should be copied in certain ganglionic brain-cells, all that is wanted is this—that they should remain wherever they were written down originally, no matter where; for, by virtue of its faculty of ubiquitousness, it is as easy for the mind to find them in one place as in another. Nay, it must be more easy for the mind to find the originals than the copies. In sober truth the brain is, in the

main, made up, not only of water, but of water in an ever-flowing stream, and it is almost idle to suppose it possible that the memory can keep her indelible records in it. Upon such a damp tablet any writing must be, at best, but faintly legible among the blurs and blots. Or, rather, the only idea attaching to such writing is that of utter illegibility, even that idea which was in the mind of the poet, who had inscribed on his tomb in the cemetery overshadowed by the pyramid of Caius Cestius at Rome, the words, "whose name was writ in water." Moreover, to suppose that the records of memory are inscribed in these ganglionic brain-cells, is to attribute to the very simplest and crudest of organic forms, the cell, the most exalted of functions—to make a demand upon credulity almost as great as that which is required to see, potentially, man himself, body and mind, in a marine ascidian, which creature is, substantially, little more than a huge simple cell. No doubt these ganglionic brain-cells have some all-important function to fulfil in relation to memory and every other mental faculty; but it does not follow that this function is that which it is assumed to be. It may be, indeed, that they have to help in keeping up that electrical state of the brain, and of the nervous system generally, without which the manifestation of mental action by bodily action would be impossible—that the brain and the rest of the nervous system is a wonderful telegraphic apparatus, by which the mind communicates with its own body, and with other bodies. It may even be that this apparatus is so set that certain parts of the grey matter of the convolutions have to do specially with particular movements, one part concerning itself with speaking, another with handling, and so on. Or it may be that they have some other function which has yet to be discovered. But, do what I will, I cannot bring myself to suppose that it is a function of the grey matter of the cerebral convolutions to serve as a record-office for memory, and that the act of remembering is really carried on *within* a ganglionic corpuscle: and, in fact, the more I reflect upon this matter the more the conviction is forced upon me—that memory has its records, not in the brain simply, but anywhere and everywhere, wherever the mind has chanced to roam,—that the mind never leaves the place where these records are written,—and that it is by the mind being awake in these places, and by the places reacting upon the mind, as in the first instance, that the memory acts. Nor is it more easy to associate the idea of time with the workings of memory. What the eye has once seen the mind sees ever; what has once caught the ear the mind never ceases to listen to; and so also with every other impression upon the memory. What is remembered has in it something which is in reality as superior to time as it is to space—something which has to do with imperishable and ubiquitous spirit rather than with time-bound and space-bound body; and so far from thinking that memory can have its seat in the body, it seems more rational to suppose that this body can only be a clog to the free movement of memory, and that all that is wanted to allow of this free movement is the removal of this clog. At all events, the fact that a thing outside the body, once seen, is recognised as having been seen, is to me a reason for believing that the memory relating to it is, in part at least, lodged in it; and thus it is that I am left free to conclude that the mind, of which memory is a faculty, may range beyond body as a spirit may be supposed to range—that the mind, indeed, may be a spirit akin to the Divine Spirit, in having absolute superiority to time and space among its attributes.

This view of mind, as gathered from the history of memory, would also seem to derive no small degree of support from the light it throws upon more than one recondite mental phenomenon.

If mind be spirit, and if memory testify to the *immanence* of this spirit in the things remembered, wherever these may be, no matter whether without

or within, then once to know anything is always to know it, and the act of *recognition* ceases to be separable from the act of *cognition*. Upon this view a thing once apprehended by the mind from that time forth becomes part and parcel of the being of him who apprehends it, and it must be recognised, if again brought under notice in any way, without any question being raised as to its identity. Once held it is never let go, and by ever holding it the mind is satisfied as to its identity.

Again: the view here taken of memory is not a little supported by the light it sheds upon the association of ideas. For if the mind remain where it roams, never vacating ground once occupied, does it not follow that the subjects or objects appropriated must ever remain in that particular relation to each other which they occupied in the first instance, so that for the memory to go back along any one chain of thought to any one link in that chain is of necessity to bring to the mind's eye the overlappings of the adjoining links?

Again: in this view of memory there is what would seem to be a sort of explanation of the strange backward way in which memory fails as old age advances, or under the ravages of certain brain diseases. In this failure recent events are forgotten first, then those which are less and less recent in turn, until at last all that is remembered has to do only with early life. Some years ago, for example, I saw a French lady whose case supplies a memorable instance of the way in which these results are brought about by disease, the case being one of relapsing mania with epileptiform symptoms, rapidly passing into dementia. Until she reached her sixteenth year this lady lived in France, and spoke only French; after this time she came to live in England, and began to speak English. When about twenty she married an American, and from this time, for about twenty years, she lived sometimes in America, sometimes in England, speaking English habitually, and French scarcely ever. When I saw her first, her mind was feeble, and that was all; when, after an interval of about two years, I saw her last, she had forgotten everything connected with her married life, her English not excepted; and if asked who she was, and where she was, she gave her maiden name, and mentioned the street where she had lived in Paris when a girl. So completely had she forgotten her English, and gone back to her French at this time, that it had become necessary to change an English for a French maid. What happened in this case, and happens to a greater or less extent in all cases of the kind, as well as in old age, is the very reverse of what might be expected to happen. It might be expected that the memory of early events would be the first to fade, and that of recent events the last; but in reality this is no necessary inference from the facts. If mind be spirit, indeed, it is possible that it may, as it were, go on widening through a series of concentric circles until it reaches its maturity, and that, so long as it retains its full vigour, it may keep hold upon all the memories in each of these circles, inner and outer; and that afterwards, when a contrary movement to that of development is taking place, the mind may fall asleep, as it were, in circle after circle, until at last it only remains awake in the innermost circles of all; for if it be so it will follow that the memories of recent events, which are in the outer circles, will be the first to fade, and those of early events, which are in the inner circles, the last. That would happen, in fact, which is really found to happen, so that what seemed to be exceptional at first may after all prove to be exactly in order when the law of mind is better known.

And thus memory may show, and that too in no equivocal manner, that the mind of which it is a manifestation is something more than a function of certain brain-cells, something more than a mere mode of cerebration, by showing that mind can have no less substantial a foundation than that

which can only be supplied by spirit which is at once imperishable and ubiquitous in its essence.

Nor is a different conclusion to be drawn from the stories told of mind by other mental faculties.

The *imagination* is a faculty about which it is difficult to think at all without becoming bewildered. It intermeddles with all things, past, present, and to come, spurning the bounds of time and space with divine audacity. It creates for itself its own past, present, and future, and influences in a thousand ways for good or ill, not only him who imagines, but others also. In no mere figurative sense it lives and works in a world of its own. Indeed, so real is this power that the most sober and unimaginative thinker, if he think at all, cannot choose but bow before it, and confess it to be, like memory, a manifestation of a spirit which is divine in being, not only superior to time and space, but *creative* in the true, if not in the full, sense of the word. As it seems to me, it is simply idle to speak of imagination as the result of cerebration, as being anything earth-born; for as I read it the story told by this mental power is the same as that told by memory, with additions that give it greater emphasis and wider scope.

Nor is this conclusion to be set aside by saying that the imagination has to do with a dreaming rather than with a waking state of mind. Dreaming? What is it? May it not be a partial escape from the world of appearances, the world of the senses, which is emphatically the world of the waking state? May it not be a glimpse of the wider *presence*, the *trans-ego* belonging to the spiritual world—a presence, a *trans-ego*, in which that which is partial is almost lost in that which is general. Or, rather, may it not show that man is *a part of* the universe in which he is placed, and not *apart from* it in the sense in which he appears to himself in the waking state, the revelation being not altogether unlike that by which the true relations of the earth to the universe are made evident at night, when "the withdrawal of the veil of light" allows the stars to be seen? May it not be that in sleep, as in death, the portal of a fuller life is opened, and that Jacob's dream of a "ladder reaching from earth to mysterious altitudes above the earth" is to show that the way to escape from the earth is in the dreaming rather than in the waking state? It was in a dream that Solomon prayed for wisdom, and became wise. Life is renewed in sleep: the incubus of the body is forgotten in sleep: and this forgetfulness, it may be, brings with it this renewal by letting the wearied sleeper—wearied because while waking he had only made use of a life which was self-contained, and, therefore, soon spent—fall into the ocean of cosmical life, or rather into the life of Him, "in whom we live and move and have our being." And, if so, then there is nothing in dreams, nothing in sleep, to invalidate the conclusion respecting mind to which the history of the imagination, no less than that of the memory, would seem to point.

As in the memory so also in the imagination there would seem to be something which is not to be hemmed in by bodily bounds, something which points to the man beyond the reach of the senses, the *man trans-corporeal*.

I once knew a bright little English girl about five and a-half years of age who could speak English, or French, or German, with equal readiness, but who was unable to choose the language in which she had to speak. If spoken to in English she answered in English; and so also for French or German. She had a nursery governess, a German, who spoke French and English as well as her native language, and she it was who directed my attention to the curious fact in question and gave me more than one opportunity of verifying it. Again and again I heard the child addressed

in each of the three languages named, and pressed to reply in one or other of the remaining two, and invariably without success. If pressed beyond a certain point she would cry, and that was all. On the part of the child there was no unwillingness to obey, and no inability to obey in any other case. Indeed, what puzzled the nursery governess, and caused her to speak to me on the subject, was that the child should be, as it seemed to her, perfectly good and obedient except in this one matter. Nor was the result different when the conversation was carried on by others. More than once I myself tried to prevail, and all I could do by coaxing, and by bribing as well, I did, but I failed as completely as the nurse. Whether the result would have been different if the child had been spoken to by another child I do not know. There were no other children in the house, and no polyglot children within reach; and, honestly, it did not occur to me to try this experiment while there was the chance. Nor do I know whether the peculiarity in question passed off as age advanced. Indeed, all that I know more is that this child was never strong, and that she died about eleven from some head-affection, which was supposed to have been brought on by pressing her education injudiciously; and this, also, is all that I would say upon the subject now, except that I have heard of more than one case in which, as in it, the imagination of the child in speaking would seem to have been over-ridden by that of an adult speaker, or of other children—to be so over-ridden, in short, as to give no little confirmation to the notion that the child was not altogether shut in within the bounds of its visible body—that there might be actual commingling of the *trans-ego* belonging to different persons so far as the imagination is concerned.

What holds good of imagination and memory would also seem to hold good of *will*. How is it that I am *free* to say *yes* or *no*, and to act accordingly, if there be not in me a spirit which is more or less akin to the Spirit which has omnipotence for one of its attributes? How, indeed! And surely it is more easy to entertain this explanation than to accept that which regards will as mere brain-power.

Lord Bacon has also said something (*Sylva Sylvarum*, Century X., 945 and 946) which may be quoted here as supplying a reason for believing that the sphere of the will is not limited to any one brain or body, but co-extensive with that of the memory and imagination. "The problem is," so runs the text, "Whether a man constantly and strongly beleaving that such a thing shall be (as that such an one will love him, or that such an one will grant him his request, or that such an one shall recover a sickness, or the like) it doth help anything to the effecting of the thing itself. And here againe we must warily distinguish, for it is not meant (as hath been partly said before) that it should help by making a man more stout, or more industrious (in which kind a constant beleafe doth much), but merely by a secret operation, or binding, or changing the spirit of another. And in this it is hard (as we began to say) to make any new experiments, for I cannot command myselfe to beleave what I will, and so no triall can be made. Nay, it is worse, for whatsoever a man imagineth doubtingly, or with feare, must needs do hurt, if imagination have any power at all. For a man representeth that oftener that hee feareth, than the contrarie.

"The helpe therefore is, for a man to work by another, in whom he may create beleafe, and not by himselfe, untill himselfe have found by experience that imagination doth prevaile, for then experience worketh in himselfe beleafe, if the beleafe that such a thing shall be, be joyned with a beleafe that his imagination may proceede it.

"For example, I related one time to a man that was curious and vaine enough in these things, that I saw a kinde of juggler that had a paire of

cards, and would tell a man what card he thought. This pretended learned man told mee, it was a mistaking in mee, for (said hee) it was not the knowledge of the man's thought (for that is proper to God), but it was the *inforcing* of a thought upon him, and binding his imagination by a stronger, that hee could thinke no other card. And thereupon he asked me a question or two, which I thought he did but cunningly, knowing before what used to be the feats of the juggler. Sir (said hee), doe you remember whether hee tolde the card the man thought himselfe, or bade another to tell it? I answered (as was true) that he bade another tell it. Whereunto, he said, so I thought, for (said hee) himselfe could not have put on so strong an imagination; but by telling the other the card (who beleaved that the juggler was some strange man and could doe strange things) that other man caught a strong imagination. I hearkened unto him, thinking for a vanitie hee spoke prettily. Then he asked me another question: saithe hee, doe you remember whether he bade the man thinke the card first, and afterwards told the other man in his eare what he should thinke, or else that he did whisper first in the man's eare that should tell the card, telling that such a man should thinke such a card? I told him, as was true, that he did first whisper the man in the ear, that such a man should thinke such a card. Upon this the learned man did much exult, and please himselfe, saying, loe you may see my opinion is right: for if the man had thought first, his thought had been fixed; but the other imagining first, bound his thoughts. Which, though it did somewhat sinke with mee, yet I made it lighter than I thought, and said, I thought it was a confederacie between the juggler and the two servants, though (indeed) I had no reason so to thinke, for they were both my father's servants, and hee had never plaied in the house before. The juggler also did cause a garter to be held up, and took upon him to know that such an one should point in such a place of the garter, as it shoulde be neare so many inches to the longer end, and so many to the shorter. And still he did it, by first telling the imaginer, and after bidding the actour thinke."

And so likewise with the *intellect*. What power other than that of a spirit possessed in some measure of omniscience by participating in the omniscience of the Divine Spirit could venture to exercise itself, not only upon the world of sensible phenomena, but upon such abstract ideas as infinity, eternity, absolute goodness, absolute truth, absolute justice, unity in diversity, cosmical law, even God himself, bringing object and subject, law and law-giver, alike to the bar of reason, and not hesitating to pass judgment! Surely that mental power which will be ever asking *why*, with a full conviction that it is entitled to an answer, must show that the mind of which it is a manifestation, is a spirit of which intelligence little short of God-like must be an attribute!

It is also easy to find reason for believing that there is an outer-sphere of intelligence as well as an outer sphere of memory and imagination and volition. I remember, for example, a circumstance in connection with the death of my grandmother which supplies me with such a reason. My grandmother, a lady considerably over seventy years of age, resided with my parents, and I was then staying at a place about four miles away from home. Everybody at home was, to all appearance, in good health, and had been so for a long time, and on that particular night I went to bed and fell asleep, without at all divining what was so soon to happen. I have no remembrance of having dreamt, and all that I know is that, after having been asleep for a couple of hours, I woke with the full conviction that my grandmother had been taken suddenly ill, that a messenger was on his way to fetch me, and that I should not reach home before all was over. A moment or two later I got up, lit a candle, looked at my watch, dressed and

waited at the window, in the full belief that my grandmother was then dead, and that I should have to go presently; and as I expected, so it was, the messenger arriving just as I was ready to return with him, and the death happening, as it proved afterwards, at the very moment I had looked at my watch. I had not any impression at the time that there was anything supernatural in the way in which intelligence was thus conveyed to my mind. I remember nothing like a feeling of fear at the time, and I did not (I was a lad of not more than sixteen years of age) perplex myself with reasoning on the subject. It was only in after years that the fact slowly acquired significance, and I began to see it in the light in which I now see it, that is, as showing that I could know what was passing at home, not only by the promptings of the senses when there, but also, perhaps, by remaining there when seemingly elsewhere, and that in this way my intelligence might be made to tell a similar story to that already told by my memory and imagination and will.

It would also be easy to find evidence to the same effect in the strange way in which, without any help from the senses, one person will often divine the thoughts of another person, or in which the same thought will often occur to two or more persons simultaneously; but I resist the temptation to dwell upon these topics, in order that I may allude to an argument which, to my mind, tells conclusively against the notion that intelligence is hemmed in within the bounds of body, or subjected to any kind of limitation—an argument which is based upon the simple conception of any abstract thought. I cannot conceive it possible, for example, that there should be any cerebral or bodily way of accounting for the idea of eternity. I might, *perhaps*, allow that impressions of a certain sort upon the brain might, by their repetition, "by myriad blows," give rise to a notion of time; but that any multiplication of these impressions should cause the idea of time to change into that of eternity is altogether beyond my powers of comprehension. These two ideas have nothing in common; and to think that the idea of eternity should arise in this way, would seem to be almost as absurd as to suppose that a clock, by dint of continual clicking, should, instead of wearing out, come to be, not only a better timekeeper, but also a tell-tale of what happens when time ends in the timeless eternal Now. In order to the conception of the idea of eternity, as it seems to me, there must be an intelligence which is in itself eternal—a something which may belong to an eternal *trans-ego*, but which cannot by any probability belong to mere temporal brain or body; and deal with it as I may, I cannot think otherwise than that this conception of eternity is in itself an argument for supposing that in intellect, no less than in memory and imagination and will, there is something which points to *trans-corporeity* as a paramount reality in man. And as with the idea of eternity, so also with the idea of infinity and all other abstract ideas, I cannot find room for that which is universal in that which at best is only partial; and thus it is, that in order to accommodate these abstract ideas, it is necessary to get outside the brain and outside the body, and to believe that the true sphere of the intelligence is co-extensive with that of the Divine Spirit. Indeed, to do otherwise, and suppose that an idea like that of God or eternity or infinity can be lodged in a brain-cell, requires, as it seems to me, a greater stretch of fancy than that which would be needed in order to believe it possible that all the waters of the ocean might find their bed in a thimble.

Nor does the consideration of mental phenomena which are of a sympathetic and religious character lead to a different conclusion respecting mind.

Men are bound together by ties which cannot be untied. The husband and wife are "one flesh" in more than a figurative sense, and it is impos-

sible to break the links of the many chains which hold parent to child, friend to friend, and all men to home and country. Man cannot, if he would, altogether shut himself up in self. If he does not yield to the impulse to sacrifice himself for others, he feels that he ought to do it. He is often carried away by this simple impulse to his own destruction, as when he leaps into the water to save the life of a drowning person. He cannot entertain the mere idea of an execution, of a woman more especially, without a painful shudder: he cannot look upon death, even in its most peaceful aspect, with indifference. It is impossible to undervalue the *sympathies* which are manifest in these and a thousand other ways. It is impossible to rest content with a merely selfish interpretation of them. They must have a wider basis than that which can be supplied by the brain of any one individual man, and it is scarcely possible to escape the conclusion that there are actual, even organic bonds, between man and man, and between man and nature as a whole, and that these bonds make themselves felt through the sympathies. After what has been said, indeed, I cannot escape from the conclusion that mind must be regarded as something common to all men, perhaps as something cosmical, rather than as anything peculiar to any individual man; and, taking this view, I can in some measure see why the philosophy of Plato should lead, step by step, from the individual man to the idea of a republic of men under the superintendence of a Divine Being, and why a higher philosophy than that of Plato should bring men together in a church, with Christ for its head. After what has been said, indeed, this idea of a republic or church is the natural outcome of the argument. Nor is this conclusion invalidated when the thoughts are turned from the mind to the body, of which the senses take cognisance. For what is the actual case? It is that this very body is not so individual as it would seem to be when the evidence of the senses is not brought to the bar of reason. It is that it is inseparably bound to other bodies, and to the universe, by the force of gravity. It is—as will be one day better known, I trust—that it is not less firmly held in the same position by “the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound.” It is that it cannot claim more than a momentary tenure even in the matter of which it is made, for, in fact, this matter is the common property of all organic beings. And thus even the body may be generalised until it ceases to be a serious obstacle to the adoption of that generalisation of mind which seems to arise naturally out of the premises—a view according to which mind is to looked upon, not as the result of cerebration, or of any other action in man individually, but as something which is common to all mankind and to creation generally—as something for which the limits of the material cosmos are too narrow—as something which is not limited in any way—as something, it may be, which is as illimitable as the Divine Spirit which underlies all things. And if mind have this foundation, then it surely follows that mind must comprehend all things, and that the reality of its grasp may be attested by the sympathies in the way which had been indicated.

A continuation of the same story is also to be found in a consideration of the mental phenomena which come under the head of *religious instincts*. In what has just been said upon the sympathetic phenomena of mind it has been seen that mind is something without rather than something within the body—something comprehending in itself all mankind and all things. In what may be said upon the *religious instincts* the sum is this—that these instincts may point to a connection of the very closest kind between humanity and Divinity. Do what I may, indeed, I cannot explain away these religious instincts, or regard them in any other light than that in which they would be regarded by Plato and in Holy Writ. Indeed, after

what has been said, I feel myself at liberty to see in these instincts another proof that the mind has its foundation, not in man individually, not in man collectively, not even in nature generally, but in the Divine Being "in whom all things consist." And, going so far, I am constrained to go further still, and see in conscience, which may be regarded as one of the religious instincts, a reason for believing that the Divine Being, who is the foundation of mind, is just and true and holy as He is revealed in the Scriptures, conscience being in every deed that word of which Isaiah speaks when he says, "and thine ears shall hear a word behind thee saying, this is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand and to the left," and which at the same time enforces the conviction that the way thus indicated is the way of justice and truth and holiness. After what has been said, indeed, the story of mind as told by the religious instincts is only another chapter in the story already told of mind by memory, and imagination, and intellect, and will, and sympathy—that mind must have its foundation in Divine Spirit, and that, so far from being hemmed in within the bounds of man's visible body, its sphere must be co-extensive with that of the Divine Spirit itself, as illimitable, as incomprehensible.

And most assuredly a consideration of the *ego* in man leads to no different conclusion respecting mind. I cannot doubt that I am. I seem compelled to believe that in this *I am* there is that which will never cease to be. And how is this? Is it that I cannot disconnect myself from Him who is Life of Life? Do I say *I am* because I have been made in the image of Him whose name is *I AM*? I have the warranty of Holy Scripture for putting these questions, and for answering them affirmatively, and most assuredly I am not driven to a different conclusion by my own reason. Indeed, if, as I am compelled to believe, mind be a spirit akin in its nature to Divine Spirit, it follows as a necessary consequence that the *ego* in man must find its explanation in this way, and in this way only, the *ego*, in fact, being only one among many other proofs that the mind, of which it is a manifestation, is in reality a spirit akin in its nature to the Divine Spirit—that I say *I am* by nothing less than by a "divine right" to say so.

Whether then do these arguments tend to take me? Am I really to believe that I have been made, as the Scriptures declare, in the image of God, even of Him who, according to the same records, is self-existent, eternal, omniscient, almighty Spirit, who is perfectly just and true and holy, the very *I AM* in whom all things are, without whom is nothing? Am I to believe this? Much, no doubt, remains to be done before I may be fully at liberty to give a rational assent to such belief; but even now, for anything that appears to the contrary, I may do so without being altogether irrational. For what is the conclusion respecting mind and body which would seem to be inevitable? Is it that mind has its foundation in spirit possessing attributes which may, nay must, belong to a spirit created in the image of the Divine Spirit. It is that body presents no obstacle to this conclusion, body, when inquired into, becoming *one* with spirit—not by degrading spirit into flesh, not by materializing spirit, but by taking the flesh into spirit, by spiritualizing matter. In other words, spirit has to be regarded, not as an uncertain out-come from matter, having intimate connections with electricity, and heat, and other physical agencies, but as something so absolutely superior to everything material as to make it possible for man to be not wholly unbelieving when he hears the words of Christ: "Verily, I say unto you, if ye have faith as a grain of mustard-seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove, and nothing shall be impossible unto you." In short, the common conception of matter is altogether excluded by that of spirit: and the only conclusion to which I can come, is that spirit is a divine reality, which may

at one time be manifested to the senses, either as matter or as the more ethereal substance belonging to the "body celestial," and at another be rapt away from the senses, and that no definition can apply to man's spirit in its fulness, except that which is equally applicable to the Divine Spirit, the "divinity that doth hedge a king" belonging in sober fact to man as man.

And if this be so, then it ceases to be a ground of wonder that man should be so richly endowed with mental and all other power. If he be in any true sense the image of God, he must be so endowed, and the wonder is, not that man is crowned with wisdom and understanding, but that he is so imbecile and foolish; not that he is able to will and do, but that he is so irresolute and incapable; not that he has a conscience, but that his sense of right and wrong is so seared and drowsy; not that he remembers, but that he forgets; not that his imagination ranges hither and thither without let or hindrance, but that it is so "lapsed in time and passion;" not that he is so full of life, but that death has any dominion over him. The explanation wanted is, not of *plus* but of *minus*; and this is not difficult to find. Nothing more is required indeed than to take the whole story told of man in Scripture, and apply it. For what is there yet to tell of this story? It is that man is not now what he was at first—what he may again become. It is that man's present state is a fallen state—a state of death, whatever this may mean. It is that Adam died on the very day on which he fell, and that thenceforth his state and that of his descendants has been a state of death—which state of death, for anything that appears to the contrary, may mean obscuration to any degree of the divine image in man, even to the extent at present met with. And thus, after all, instead of opposing a difficulty in the way of accepting the Scriptural history of man, the very imperfections at present met with in man may, when properly inquired into, only supply additional evidence in support of this history.

In a word, I find it less easy to accept the doctrine of evolution which has found such favour in the present day than to believe that each creature was created as a necessary part of the great whole, perfect in itself, and perfect in its relations to all other creatures, and to the universe in which it is placed—so perfect as to deserve to be described at the beginning as "very good"—and that man originally was no brute-descended savage, living in a wilderness, and fighting his way upwards, step by step, to a higher level, but a demi-god, walking and talking, as a child with his parent, with the God in whose image he was made, until, for some fault of his own, he was driven out into the wilderness "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked," and so far oblivious of everything relating to his high original as to look upon God as a dark deity—a very Moloch.

Without question the same archetypal plan is perceptible in the bodies of man, and of all animals below man in the scale of being. Without question it is possible to consider man bodily as standing on the topmost round of this scale, and to believe that he may have gained this position by mounting round after round from the bottom *through* sub-ordinate forms of being, and also that this process of mounting would be not a little facilitated by the existence of archetypal unity in all creatures. But there is no necessary connection between the doctrine of evolution and the doctrine of archetypal unity; and, in fact, the latter doctrine is equally consistent with the belief that each round of the scale of being is always occupied by the creature belonging to it, that each creature has its own office to fulfil in its own place no less than man in his, and that it is a necessary part of a great whole. Without question, also, there are facts which show that there is a law of unity for mind as well as for body, and that there are in the creatures below man rudiments of mind, varying infinitely in degree, which may, perhaps, give some support to the notion that the mind of man may

have been developed out of them by a process of evolution. But here again the same objections arise which were hinted at when speaking of body, and it may be urged that each creature mentally may be a necessary part of a great whole to which the plan of archetypal unity bears witness, that the balance of existence might be seriously disturbed if it were wanting, and that equally whether all creatures were formed upon the same plan or not. I cannot allow, however, that the question of evolution is an open question. As it seems to me, indeed, the evidence of *fact* is, to say the least, against the believers in this doctrine rather than in their favour. At all events, there is a fact belonging to mind which I can only read as showing conclusively that man is in some mysterious way cut off from the brute creation by an impassable gulf, and this is the *regularity of mental movement, which, in some of its aspects, is spoken of as instinctive*. The mental movements of man are not regular in the sense in which those of the brutes are regular. And how is this? Is it that the mind of man acts irregularly, because man's present state is one, not of true order, but of disorder? Is it that the mental movements of brutes are regular because the state of these creatures is one, not of disorder, but of order? There can be no doubt as to the answer, which is in accordance with the premises. The "whole creation groaneth in bondage," but there is no reason to believe that the brute has fallen in the sense in which man has fallen, and, therefore, it may be supposed that the mental movements of the brute, be they small or great, *must* be perfectly adapted to the circumstances in which they happen, must have the character of *instincts*, in short, because it may fairly be conceded that the *unimpeded* workings of mind, and of law generally, are always "for the best." Indeed, when fully read, I feel convinced that nothing will remain in the history of the lower forms of life to invalidate the conclusions already drawn respecting man, and that the final result will be, not to bridge-over, but to widen everywhere, the gulf which separates man from the brute creation.

SCIENCE AND THEOLOGY.—Although my whole life has been spent in the study of the Scriptures, I am not competent to investigate them; but I am able to know what is best for the true manhood, to know that love everywhere is better than hatred—and so are you. The Bible fashions character. The devotees who, seeing the mischief of doubt, refuse to doubt anything, and, not content with denying themselves, though they deny to everybody else, they say: "You have got to take the Bible literally; you must read it just as it is." What nonsense! Such a proceeding may be safe to men who were not in danger any way, but for those who don't want to be led by the nose, it is dangerous. You make sceptics of such men—set their pride against belief. The Bible is full of facts, and they must give way. It is said, "In six days God created the earth." The rocks told a different story; they say it took thousands of years. Theologians grew wrathful and gave the lie to Nature. But to-day the rocks have proved their story, and we know that a day is a season. We take these days for gigantic periods, and geology and theology agree. The rocks have not changed, but the interpretation of Genesis has. I don't say to young men, "Leave science alone;" but I say, "Don't hurry." I say, "Don't read, but study." The spiritual force of the Bible gains in every generation. So I say to scientists, "Study up the knowledge of man, his adaptability to social life. Join hands with the Philosopher, the Mesmerist, the Spiritualist, and license demonstration herself to every nation." No one knows anything about the Bible until it is to him the same as is a medicine book in actual sickness. The medicating power of the Bible is therefore its life.—H. W. Beecher.

MEMORIES; SWEET AND SAD.

When blushing rosebuds hide their face,
 Behind their leaves, with so much grace,
 I think of thy sweet bashful ways
 In former days.

When soft winds, wafted from the South,
 With grateful fragrance fan my mouth,
 What message do they bring to me?
 A kiss from thee.

And dew drops on the lily's leaf,
 Like tears that tell of silent grief,
 Are so like pearls, when by thee worn,
 Thou did'st adorn.

And when the Spring-flow'rs bloom anew,
 Of varied tint and dainty hue,
 The modest snowdrop, violet meek,
 All of thee speak.

And then the sun thro' April show'rs,
 Smiles lovingly upon the flow'rs,
 Just like thy tears, that all in play
 I've kissed away.

At eve when sings the nightingale,
 Whose luscious notes our ears regale,
 I think I hear thy voice again,
 But list in vain!

And when I view the heav'ns at night,
 Bespangled with the stars of light,
 I wonder if thine own bright eyes,
 Gaze on those skies.

Whate'er is lovely, good, and true,
 Whatever pure as morning dew,
 Recalls fond memories to me,
 Sweet thoughts of thee!

—*Victoria Magazine.*

M. A. BAINES.

AMERICA—ORGANIC INFERIORITY.

AMERICA is, in many points, the reverse of the old continent. Its greatest length is from north to south, in which direction its principal mountain chains also run; this being in truth, its major axis. It has also a much larger proportion of its total area south of the equator. As a result of this, combined, perhaps, with its oceanic isolation, it is obviously subjected to different telluric and climatic

influences, and, as a necessary consequence its Flora and Fauna have especial characteristics, which distinguish them from those of the Eastern Hemisphere. Now the specialities by which they are differenced do not indicate that these influences are of an invigorating character. In the first place, the Flora is very superior to the Fauna, showing that vegetation is the principal organic product of the Western World; and, consequently, that its forces are generally more negative and feminine than those of its Eastern rival. In correspondence with this we find that its animals are generally inferior in size and far less vigorous and courageous than their congeners in the Eastern Hemisphere. Thus we find the alligator in place of the crocodile, the tapir instead of the elephant, and the lama in lieu of the camel. While the horse is wholly wanting, the lion has lost his mane, and the man is deficient in his beard. The signs of organic inferiority are unmistakable, and it is equally manifest that they arise from a preponderating tendency to the feminine phase of development. This, however, being more marked in the Southern than the Northern division, the last characteristic not being peculiar in America, but attaching equally, in virtue of the relationship of its magnetic forces, to the whole globe.

Of the organic inferiority of uncultured uncolonised America, indeed, no one doubts. It is a point on which all Naturalists and Ethnologists are agreed. And, perhaps, as a necessary accompaniment of this inferiority, there is far less variety in the animate forms of the New than in those of the Old World. This is seen alike in its *Felidæ*, *Canidæ*, *Ursidæ*, or any other genus we may please to name, its paucity of forms being especially manifested in the higher types. And this comparative poverty of production, is reflected in the strange uniformity presented by its human inhabitants, in striking contrast to the rich multiplicity and diversity afforded by the Old World. Aboriginal America, indeed, had but two men, the Indian and the Esquimaux, the latter being but an extension of the Arctic Mongol of the Eastern Hemisphere. Such indications are anything but favourable, and speak somewhat discouragingly of the far future of its Ethnic fortunes, when it shall again be left practically to its own unaided racial resources for the continuance of its manhood.

Archæology abundantly demonstrates that America is now only passing through the epicycle of her colonial destiny. The stupendous earthworks in the North—the pyramidal mounds of the Centre—and the Cyclopean roads of the South are alike demonstrative of alien influence and Old World immigration. This is not the only age in which civilised men have swarmed on the banks of the Ohio, while Palenque was in ruins ere Cortes subdued the empire of Montezuma, and Pizzaro found the sanctity of the Incas a tradition from the Past rather than a creation of the Present. All things show that, when discovered by modern Europeans, America was in the Ethnic collapse of colonial exhaustion. She had, in long previous ages, received the racial and intellectual

germs of a higher phase of humanity than their own. And these had been sufficiently numerous and powerful to eventuate in the production of comparatively stable and widely diffused forms of civilisation; but except in Mexico and Peru, they had everywhere disappeared, and the wild Indian once more roamed at will over his hunting grounds on the once cultured but then grass-grown and deserted prairie. While even in the remaining civilised centres, the higher Caucasian blood had wholly disappeared and the pure Indian type alone survived, exalted, no doubt, by the infusion, but, nevertheless, ethnically dominant over all alien elements. This, it must be admitted, is rather a discouraging cycle for modern transatlantic colonists to contemplate, who, if wise and brave enough to look steadily into this mystic mirror of destiny, cannot fail to see therein the dim outlines of their own rather darkly-shadowed futurity. The New World has obviously its own well-marked Ethnic type, and to this all permanent dwellers within its confines must ultimately conform, or perish in the process of modification.—*J. W. Jackson.*

A PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY PROPOSED.

(To the Editor.)

180 Alexandria Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.

SIR,—Knowing this excellent journal to be widely circulated amongst those interested in Mental Science, I should feel greatly obliged by the insertion of this letter.

Not seeing why Phrenology should have no society for its promotion in London, when every little hobby possesses the advantage, I have placed myself in communication with several Phrenologists of known standing, who agree with me, if we can succeed in bringing a sufficient number of adherents to that splendid system of Mental Philosophy together, to attempt the establishment of a society in London.

I believe there are many who could and would bring the light of much valuable experience to bear on this subject, had they the means, which such an institution would afford, of making public the results of their investigations.

I say here, to all interested in the cause of Phrenology, "Come forward, and show that the science still flourishes vigorously, in spite of the opposition and senseless denial of its truth by its ignorant, although so-called learned, opponents."

Those desirous of becoming members of the society will greatly oblige by forwarding their enquiries to the undersigned, who will send them the full particulars.

Trusting I have not too far trespassed on your valuable space, I am, sir, your obedient servant,

T. A. STEPHENS.

J. Burns, Esq.

BROWN, THE MIND READER.

Mr. J. B. Brown, commonly known as the Mind Reader, was a guest of the Athenian Club, Beacon street, Monday evening, where he gave an exceedingly interesting exhibition of his peculiar power to the members of the Club present. As a preliminary to the experiment, Mr. James Redpath stated that Mr. Brown was twenty-two years of age, was born in St. Louis, and had been possessed of this power of reading the thoughts of other persons all his life. The faculty became known to him when he was quite young, but it only served to annoy him, and until quite lately he has never made use of it in public. The process is very simple, as follows:—Mr. Brown, being first blindfolded, takes the hand of some person, no matter whom, who is directed to fix his mind intently upon some one object in the room, or in an adjoining apartment. The thought of this person communicates itself to Mr. Brown's mind, and in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred he is able to go directly to the object thought of. The experiments tried, last evening, precluded any fraud or trickery, and were in every case entirely successful. Mr. Brown was blindfolded and taken into another room, the door communicating being closed. A gentleman from among the spectators then concealed a small object in a vase on the mantelpiece. On Mr. Brown's entrance, he being thoroughly blindfolded all the time, he took in his right hand the left hand of the gentleman who had hidden the article, and placed his left hand on the gentleman's forehead. After standing thus for several seconds, he brought the gentleman's left hand to his own forehead, and in this attitude began hunting about the room, dragging the gentleman after him. After making the round of the parlour several times, he stopped and gradually circled about the fireplace, until his forehead came in contact with the vase, when he stopped and pronounced it to be the object thought of. This experiment was repeated twice with different gentlemen, who thought of various objects about the rooms.

A more intricate experiment was then tried with complete success. A gentleman (whom we will call, for convenience, Mr. A.) took a small article and gave it to Mr. B. Mr. A. then passed into another room and shut himself out (Brown being in charge of another party in still another room). Mr. B. then passed the article to Mr. C., and stepped into a third room, when Mr. C. passed the article to Mr. D., who kept it. A. and B. were then recalled, and Brown came in last, blindfolded as usual. It will be seen that A. did not know anything of the article further than that he had passed it to B., and B. only knew that it had gone from him to C. Mr. Brown was then "placed in communication," in the manner described, with Mr. A. He led him immediately to B.; B. was then taken and led directly to C., and C. to D. Meanwhile, unknown to any present but themselves, D. had slipped the article over to E., who had taken it and seated himself on the opposite

side of the room. On learning that D. had given it to another person still, Mr. Brown led him to E. Mr. Brown then stated that he could, in the same manner, tell the location of any pain in any part of the body. A gentleman present was suffering, and, on Brown's taking his hand and placing it to his forehead, he discovered that his difficulty was a headache. Another had a pain in the back of his neck, and a third imagined a pain in his hip, all of which were located by Mr. Brown without difficulty. All that Mr. Brown claims to be able to do is simply stated in a few words. He can, by placing himself in physical communication with the mind of another person, tell what that person is thinking of, provided it be some place or object which can be reached by him, and provided that the person thinks intently of that object or locality. The exhibition of his curious power in this respect last night was, in all respects, free from chicanery, and afforded a very interesting and novel entertainment.—*Boston (Mass.) Weekly Globe*, January 8, 1875.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

DR. ROBERT YOUNG, of Edinburgh, whose translations of the Jewish writings are so well known, sends us a "Sketch of the Evidences of Christianity." This performance proves too much, for if it were applied to the Spiritual periodicals and other writings of the last twenty years, a much more consistent claim to divinity could be found, and far greater results than in the Jewish pamphlets now called the Bible.

LONDON ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY (1 ADAM STREET, ADELPHI).—At a meeting of the Society on the 12th inst., Dr. Charnock, F.S.A., President, in the chair, the following paper was read—"Literary Dutch in Old English Provincialisms," by Dr. A. V. W. Bickers. The author endeavours to support certain points of the Schleicherian evolution theory as applied to linguistic phenomena. Dr. Simms, of New York, exhibited and described several Egyptian skulls (some ancient) and remarked on the corresponding habits of the ages which they represented. Dr. Carter Blake, Mr. H. B. Churchill, Mr. A. L. Lewis, and the President, joined in the discussion.

If we are careful and watchful over our words and actions, we can have the most effective of all influences, the silent testimony of a heart at peace.

A MAN who puts himself on the ground of moral principle, if the whole world be against him, is mightier than all. Never be afraid of being in the minorities, so that minorities are based upon principle.